THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 728 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888. $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 51

THE HEARTSEASE.

BY A. E. G.

Sweet, pretty flower of legendary fame,
'Tis said that Cupid's bold, unerring dart
Sped from his bow with such quick subtle aim,
Wounding so deep the centre of thy heart,
That gave thy bloom the rich deep tones it wears;
No other flower in this with thee compares.

"First 'love in idleness' culled, then pansies sweet,
'Twas idle love made me grieve dolefully,"
The flower replied; "still, I'd space most meet
For purest thought, and struggling to be free,
Heartsease I found, and this, my sobriquet
And name of grace will ever with me stay;
Since love and heartsease seldom are true friends,
I'll live alone till heaven a worthy lover sends."

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

CHAPTER III.

THEN the talk wandered off to the special business of the lawyer's visit, and the two gentlemen discussed leases, entail, right of way, freehold, copyhold, and funded property, in quick succession.

Jack in the meantime donned his flannels, and dawdled about disconsolately at the back of the house, mounting the steps to the sundial about once in every ten minutes, to see how much longer he would have to wait for the girls. It was strange that he should have such an intense longing to look into Dandie's beautiful dark eyes again, and to listen to her quaint truisms.

There were half a dozen things he ought to have been doing that afternoon. He had half promised his father to ride over to the Briar Farm and have a look round it, and his mother had suggested that he should pay his respects to the Duchess of Netherby on the earliest day possible, and yet there he was, wasting the afternoon on the chance of spending an hour in the society of a young girl with a pair of wonderful gray eyes and a wealth of ruddy-brown hair.

He did not acknowledge this to himself, however; he pretended to think it was too hot for riding. What a long time Blanche was keeping that poor child—she was his junior by four years—it was a confounded shame! He would go and bring them out; he would not wait any longer. Just as he formed this resolution he caught sight of fluttering skirts in the conservatory.

"How nice you look in flannels!" said Dandie, looking at him in open admiration as he came across the lawn to meet them.

He actually blushed, while Blanche laughed heartily.

"If you talk to him like that you will turn his head, Dandie," she said good-naturedly.

"I don't see why," returned Dandie stoutly; "I always tell you when you look nice, Blanche, and it doesn't turn your head."

"But Jack is different."

"I don't think he is," said Dandie, looking at him critically to find out in what the difference consisted. "I thought he was different yesterday, when I did not know who he was. Of course I should not tell a strange young man that he looked nice—he might think it impertinent; but what is the good of having known people all your life if you may not say just what is on your mind to them?"

"You're quite right, Dandie," said Jack, although in his heart he would rather she had not been so outspoken and matter-of-fact in her bearing towards him; he would have liked her to be timid, even a little awed.

They dined *en famille*, Dandie and Mr. Blaine being the only visitors. The lawyer repeated his conduct of the morning, as if he were literally fascinated, and Jack explained the reason to her in an undertone. After that she felt more at ease under the infliction, and looked so patient and resigned that Jack went into subdued convulsions every time he looked at her.

In the evening Dandie sang to them, and then the young man's subjection was completed. The two girls sang by turns, and then they sang duets together. But at last, when Jack begged hard for just one more song, Dandie sang, "Ye Banks and Braes."

When she had finished, she found that Mr. Blaine had left Mr. Speight to his evening newspaper at the other end of the room, and was standing with the young people behind her.

"Thank you, Miss Dandie," he said; you sing very beautifully. I hope you may never really feel the sorrow of that last verse as you seemed to do when you were singing it."

Then the butler announced that Mrs. Gray's servant was waiting for Miss Gaspard, and Dandie made her adieux.

"But my fause love has stolen the rose, but, aye he's left the thorn wi' me," sang Jack, as he went back to the drawing-room, after watching Dandie and her chaperon out of sight down the avenue.

After this Dandie and Jack naturally saw a great deal of each other; in fact, a day never passed without their meeting. Dandie was continually in demand to help in the arrangements for the manifold festivities that followed one another in quick succession during those seven weeks preceding the coming of age of the heir; and, if it occasionally happened that Dandie was not at the Hall, Jack was sure to find some excuse for making his appearance at the rectory before the day was over.

These quiet visits did more harm than Dandie's expeditions to the Hall; for there she was always busy helping to entertain, and constantly surrounded by plenty of people; but when Jack went to the rectory he generally had her to himself for part of the time, and then they would exchange confidences and make astonishing discoveries as to the sympathy of their tastes.

Altogether the sweet little idyl gradually turned towards the inevitable conclusion, in a manner highly satisfactory to the two chiefly concerned. Not that they looked forward to any conclusion at all; with the sweet thoughtlessness of youth, they were content with the happiness of the present, and left the future to take care of itself.

Dandie had not the least idea why she felt so light-hearted in those days; she only knew that she was happier than she had ever been in her life, and it never occurred to her to inquire into the cause of this new happiness; while, as for Jack, if he did fancy sometimes that he was doing a foolish thing, that there was stormy weather ahead, he banished the thought resolutely, and threw himself heart and soul into the task of winning Dandie's love.

If some one could only have detected what was going on and have given the girl a word of warning, she might and probably would, have checked the growing feeling before it was too late; but everybody just then was very busy, and, besides, she was looked upon as such a child that the idea of danger in this constant intercourse with an attractive young man did not suggest itself to any one.

It was now only a week before the celebration of the great event. The Hall was full of visitors, and day after day some gaiety was planned and carried out.

Among the last batch of visitors was a Colonel de Briant, a rather worn-looking man on the wrong side of forty, who, from the first moment of his introduction had shown the most open admiration for Dandie, thereby exciting Jack's anger.

One afternoon there was a tennis-tournament. Jack had omitted to secure Dandie as his partner over-night; the consequence was that, the moment she arrived at the Hall, looking fresh and fair in her white gown with its knots of black ribbon, the Colonel pounced upon her and secured her at once. She hesitated when he asked her to be his partner in the game, because, although Jack had not actually spoken on the subject, she knew he would ask her to join him later on.

"I hope you are not already engaged," said the Colonel gently, perceiving her indecision.

"No; I am not engaged," she answered slowly.

"Then you would not be so cruel as to refuse? 'First come first served' is one of the leading maxims of fair play, and I have been counting on your help all the morning. I know you are one of the best players among the ladies, and, if you don't take compassion on me, I shall come to utter grief."

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in my play," replied Dandie; "but I will do the best I can for you."

And they sauntered off to the ground, where the games were being arranged.

As soon as Jack had a moment to spare, he walked across to where she was standing by Colonel de Briant's side.

"That is our corner, over yonder," he said, as he shook hands. "Miss Clitheroe and Winton are going to be our first opponents."

Dandie blushed, and looked up at the tall man by her side.

"Miss Gaspard is already engaged for the afternoon's play, Speight," he answered for her, quietly but decisively—the Colonel was not a man to give up an advantage when once he had gained it. "Don't give us very formidable adversaries to start with, or we shall be knocked out in the first round. I'm afraid my play is too bad for even Miss Gaspard's energy to save me if the odds against us are very heavy."

He spoke deliberately, pulling the end of his heavy brown moustache, and looking about the ground at the different players, as though he did not see the flush of angry disappointment that rose to the very roots of Jack's hair when he heard that Dandie was engaged.

However, they could not quarrel over her, so Jack found them a place and went away, looking rather savage, Dandie imagined.

De Briant had correctly estimated his powers; his play was execrable! Once or twice Dandie fancied he was playing badly on purpose, he missed such easy chances; anyhow his prediction was fulfilled—they were out in the first round.

They stood a little while watching some of the other players, and Dandie noticed Jack was playing much below his usual "form," and, if it had not been for his partner's steadiness, he would certainly have been out in the first round too. However, he was not, and the second set of games began, the defeated players standing round or strolling away for a *tete-a-tete*.

Dandie felt rather unhappy, for she wanted to explain to Jack how it was that she had been obliged to accept Colonel de Briant as a partner, and she was not so cheerful and merry as she usually was.

De Briant saw it all clearly enough, but he did not let it worry him. He meant to make her his wife if it were at all possible, and he was not much alarmed by this boy-and-girl flirtation. Harmless amusements of this sort were the usual thing *pour passer le temps* among the young folk in the country; but they seldom lasted the first trifling disagreement, he thought; so, after a pause, he suggested a new divertissement.

"Are you fond of curiosities, Miss Gaspard," he asked.

"I'm fond of some curiosities," she answered—"when they have stories attached to them, for instance; I think they are very interesting then."

"Well, nearly all my curiosities have stories. Would you like to see them? I had them down in the small drawing-room last night, to show some of the ladies, and I don't think the box has been taken upstairs yet. Would you care to look at them?"

"You're very kind," murmured Dandie softly, and she turned with the Colonel towards the house.

In her heart she would have preferred to stay with the other people, and watch the players; but not even her habit of speaking out exactly what she thought was strong enough to induce her to say so.

The house seemed to be cheerless and depressing after the bright sunshine outside, the fluttering skirts, the calls of the players, and the buzz of talk from the onlookers. Dandie had looked forward to this day so eagerly, feeling sure that Jack and she would play, and beat the whole party; and now here she was with this solemn, middle-aged man, out of all the fun. It was a little hard.

They crossed the cool, deserted-looking hall and the long drawing-room, to the small smuggery at the end. This was Mrs. Speight's favorite sitting-room on the first floor, and, when the house was full of visitors, this was the favorite resort of the matrons of the party.

"Yes; here is the box," said Colonel de Briant; "I thought they had not taken it up again. And now, Miss Gaspard, if in telling you the stories of my curios I seem to talk more than I ought about myself, you must make excuses for me, for I cannot speak truthfully without doing so."

Dandie smiled pleasantly as she settled herself in a low chair close by the large, iron-clamped box, and took off her hat. Her head was aching a little, and she passed her fingers through her hair with an action suggestive of fatigue.

Although the Colonel was busy with the lock of his treasure chest, he saw the movement.

"You are tired," he said quietly; "playing in that fierce sun has given you a headache."

He got up and rang the bell.

"It is nothing," answered Dandie—"only a slight one, at least. The pain will go in a few minutes."

"We'll not risk waiting; we'll drive it away," he rejoined. "Head-aches should not be neglected; if you take them in hand at first, they can generally be cured. Will you bring me two cups of strong tea?" he said to the servant who had answered the bell. "See now, am I not a veritable godfather?" he went on, turning to Dandie as the man left the room. "I open my magic store, and the first thing my fingers touch is this tiny flask of subtle Indian essence!"

"It is very pretty," said Dandie, looking at the turquoise-encrusted toy admiringly.

"It is something better than pretty just now; it is useful, for it is going, combined with the tea, to cure that head-ache of yours!"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, putting her hand up to stop him, as he began to remove the skin round the stopper—"please don't open it for that! It is only a slight head-ache, and I'm sure the tea will cure it without your wasting what must be so very precious."

She might as well have held her tongue, however, for the stopper was taken out

after a little trouble, and the bottle passed to her.

"Now pour a little into the palm of your hand and sniff at it very hard. It will bite your nose, as the children say; but it will cure you, or I'm no oracle."

Then the tea came, and Dandie drank it meekly when she was ordered, and felt as if she were under some spell, and would be compelled to do whatever this big, sunburnt man said, for the rest of her natural life.

"This, now, will perhaps interest you," he said, taking a roughly-woven bracelet of reddish hair out of the box. "This hair was pulled from the mane of the biggest lion that ever fell to my gun. See, these are two of his teeth, which form the clasp. I have a photograph of him somewhere—taken after death, I need scarcely tell you; I don't think the old chap would have appreciated the compliment if we had requested a sitting—that is the correct phrase, I think—beforehand."

"I should not have cared to be the one to make the request," said Dandie, laughing. "What country were you in when you killed him, Colonel de Briant?"

"A few hundred miles to the north of Cape Town. You see, I left Afghanistan before the end of the job, on sick leave, and, instead of coming straight home, I went round by Australia and the Cape. When I reached Cape Town I found a man there whom I knew; he was just going into the interior with a party after big game; so as I had nothing better to do, I went with them. We had very good sport on the whole."

"I should have thought you would have been anxious to get home again," Dandie said.

"But I wasn't, you see, not in the least! I had not a soul in the world to wish for my return—why should I have been anxious?"

Dandie looked at him pityingly; she thought she could understand a little of the bitterness of that feeling.

"Are lions called big game?" she asked.

"Yes; lions, tigers, elephants, and hippopotami all come under the head of big game."

"And did you never get hurt among all those fierce creatures?"

"Never had so much as a scratch the whole three months we were up country. You are looking at my scar," he said, noticing her eyes fixed upon one of his eyebrows, which was cleft by a seam, red even yet from the thinness of the skin. "I got that through the worst wild beast of the lot—a treacherous man!"

"Will you tell me about it?"

He turned and again thrust his hand into the box, presently bringing out a hideous hobgoblin, carved out of ivory, about five inches in length.

"There's not much to tell," he said hurriedly. "I had been obliged to have my servant flogged—only a negro, you know—and the next time I was on outpost duty he betrayed me—led me into an ambuscade. I fought then, Miss Gaspard, if I never fought before. There must have been ten or a dozen of them, and it all took place in the dark. I don't think many of them went back to tell the story. Kimsee was the first to go down. I managed to get back to our own pickets, although the blood from this cut kept trickling into my eyes and half blinded me; I think my horse had more to do with my safe return than I. Well, my wound was attended to, and I stayed there until daylight; then we went to the scene of slaughter. There were seven dead negroes lying about, Kimsee among them. I took this thing from his neck, feeling quite a pleasure in doing it too, for the treacherous scamp had believed that he could not get into paradise without it, and I did not think he deserved to get there after what he had done. What is your opinion?"

"Of course it was very wicked of him to betray you," said Dandie reluctantly; "but perhaps he thought he had been treated unjustly in the matter of the flogging. In any case——"

She stopped suddenly.

"Well," said the Colonel, smiling up at her encouragingly—"'in any case' what? Let me have the finish of the summing up."

"I was going to say something that would be better unsaid."

Dandie blushed and looked uncomfortable.

"But still I should very much like to hear it," he said pleadingly. "If it is something rough on me, don't mind saying it; I am not at all thin-skinned, and I promise to take my scolding meekly."

"It was not anything of that sort," answered Dandie, still hesitating, and twisting and untwisting her fingers nervously. "I was afraid you might laugh at what I was going to say."

"I give you my word not to laugh, either outwardly or in my heart. Now?"

"I was going to say that in any case it seemed wicked to carry your animosity beyond the grave."

The moment the words were out she wished them unsaid, as she sat blushing and trembling at her boldness in daring to preach to this masterful hero.

He sat silent for a moment or two as if he were thinking over her words; then he turned to her suddenly.

"You are right," he said, "it was mean, low, ungentlemanly to rob a helpless thing that had no fight left in it! I never felt ashamed of it before, but I do now. Will you take this hideous little gentleman and keep him in remembrance of the lesson you have given me to-day?"

"No, I think I had better not," said Dandie, "there is something elfish about the looks of the thing."

The Colonel insisted, and while not exactly offended at her refusal, it was evident the favor would have gratified him very much.

Dandie, however, refused to have anything to do with the amulet.

"You want to shift the burden of your wrong-doing on to me. I would not even touch it!" she said.

At this juncture there was a rush of exhausted players into the house, and among them was Jack, looking for Dandie. He found her *tete-a-tete* with the Colonel, and actually appearing as if she were enjoying it.

"Come, Dandie," he said authoritatively; "come and see the prizes given away! We would have won them if you had played with me," he whispered reproachfully, as they passed into the big drawing-room.

Colonel de Briant sat still for a few minutes, smiling to himself in a satisfied way. This was the first quiet talk he had been able to get with Dandie, and he thought he had done very well.

"The boy is an impediment to a speedy settlement, certainly," he mused; "I'm afraid I shall have to wait until the autumn for the *denouement*."

When he gathered the litter together, he found that Dandie had carried off the little jewelled flask with her; at which discovery he was highly pleased, because either the return of it, or her consenting to keep it, must lead to further confidences between them.

"I'm very sorry, Jack!" said Dandie, as they walked together down the avenue that night, with Mrs. Gray's waiting-maid in close attendance. "I was quite as disappointed as you were at being obliged to play with Colonel de Briant."

"It was a dreadful sell," he answered; "but of course it couldn't be helped if he fixed upon you in that way the moment you came! Dandie"—suddenly, after a pause—"do you know, I believe he is in love with you!"

"Good gracious, what a frightful idea! Why, Jack, he's old enough to be my father! What made you dream of such an impossible thing as that?"

"My dear child," said Jack impressively, "it's quite a common thing nowadays for a girl to marry a man old enough to be her father, or even her grandfather, for that matter, provided he is rich enough to make handsome settlements on her; and the Colonel has plenty of money, I fancy."

"Yes I read about that sort of thing," returned Dandie thoughtfully; "but in books it always ends most unhappily. I never thought of it happening in real life; it is very horrible to think of?"

"You would not do it—would you, Dandie?"

"Do what?"

"Marry a man old enough to be your father, just because he is rich."

"No," said Dandie quietly but decidedly: "I should never do that so long as I had strength to earn enough to keep me from starving."

"Heaven bless you for saying that, dear! Dandie, if you were to do a thing like that, it would not only break my heart, but it would destroy my belief in woman's goodness for ever!

At that moment they reached the lodge, and they shook hands and said good-night. Dandie was very silent during the remainder of the walk. She usually chatted about the events of the day; she'd describe sundry details of the day for Susan's especial benefit her chatter never ceasing until they were inside the rectory hall; but to-night it was quite different. She did not speak, except in reply to questions from Susan; even then her answers were as short as possible.

The reason was that Dandie was beginning to awake from her dream. Something in Jacks voice when he said it would break his heart if she married an old man, had set her own heart throbbing madly. She was not sure what it meant; but it had set her wondering, and it was her anxiety to think out this new sensation that made her so silent.

CHAPTER IV.

"DANDIE, I met Blanche Speight out riding just now," said Mr. Gray when he came to tea a day or two after the tennis-tournament; "and she asked me if I thought you'd mind going up after dinner to night to help her amuse 'the big swells,' as she calls them. The Duke and Duchess are to be there, and a Madame somebody from town—a great celebrity—Blanche did tell me her name but I have forgotten it. They are all such big-wigs that Blanche says they are sure to be dull, and she wants you to take some music and help her to keep them from going to sleep after dinner."

"Of course Dandie will go," said Mrs. Gray; "Mrs. Speight has been so kind to her that she will be only too glad to do anything she can in return."

So Dandie went upstairs after tea, and put on her one silk dress, with its low bodice and short sleeves. She wished she had a fresh muslin ready, but the "run" on Dandie's muslins had been rather heavy lately if she had known how the black silk set off the exquisite whiteness of her shoulders and arms she would not have wished for anything different.

Blanche was hovering about the hall when she arrived, and at once took her off to her room.

"I'm so glad you are wearing your black gown, dear," she said, "for Jack has brought you such lovely white roses for your dress! See, here they are! He coaxed Markham to mount them for you. They look quite too lovely!" she cried, stepping back to admire the effect. "Dandie, I wonder if you know how pretty you are?"

"Don't be silly, Blanche!" said Dandie. "Let us go down stairs before the gentlemen leave the table; it won't be so trying to enter the room if they are not there."

When they reached the drawing-room they found it almost deserted. Lady Gladys Homfrey, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Netherby, was leaning against the window, and the two Misses Clitheroe were having a confidential discussion on an ottoman in the middle of the room.

"Why, where is everybody?" cried Blanche.

"Mrs. Speight and the Duchess and Madame Gilette are in the next room," said Maud Clitheroe, as she came forward to shake hands with Dandie: "the rest, I think, are upstairs, touching up"—laughing sarcastically.

"Lady Gladys, I don't think you know Miss Gaspard," said Blanche, taking Dandie over to the window.

Lady Gladys slowly turned her eyes from the contemplation of the sunset, and looked at Dandie.

"Oh, I remember you very well!" she said, after a moment's indecision. "You are the young lady who so kindly took up our soprano parts at a day's notice when we were disappointed by Mademoiselle Vermeuse over our charity concert last Christmas. Do you know, mamma wanted so badly to see you that night, to tell you how indebted to you she was; she intended to come and stay at the castle, but you were spirited away the very moment you had finished your singing; and, when mamma sent a note to Mrs. Gray about it, she wrote back and you are not old enough to go into society by yourself, as you were only sixteen; and so the debt of thanks has rested on my poor mother's mind ever since."

"It was really nothing to make a fuss over," said Dandie, laughing. "I knew all the concerted music, or I could not have done it."

"And are you going to sing for us again to-night? I hope so; I should like Madame Gilette to hear you."

"Why Madame Gilette in particular?"

"Don't you know who Madame Gilette is?"—in great surprise. "Ah, then you are not going to be a public singer, as I fancied, or you would have heard of her; she is the third best soprano of the day! Perhaps she will sing for us by-and-by. You will enjoy it if she does."

"Blanche, you never told me this!" said Dandie, turning reproachfully to her friend. "I shall be so nervous at singing before her."

"Oh, I assure you she is the most amiable soul in the world," cried Lady Gladys good-naturedly; "she is sure to be delighted with your voice! Besides, you are too thorough a musician for your nervousness to mar your execution, so it will not matter much."

Dandie gave a dismal little laugh as she said:

"It will matter a good deal to me; I shall suffer agonies!"

As she spoke she became aware that the room behind her was filling; she heard the rustle of silken garments and the murmur of men's voices.

"There is Mrs. Walmsley, looking like a ship that has dragged her anchor!" exclaimed Blanche. "I must go to her."

"Are you really frightened, Miss Gaspard?" said Lady Gladys, gazing compassionately at the pretty face, now wearing such a troubled expression. "I'm so sorry I said anything about Madame Gilette, if it is going to make you unhappy! Sit down here behind the curtain until you are more composed. Make up your mind not to be frightened, and it will seem much less terrible."

Dandie found this to be very good advice, and she took herself to task for her cowardice. It was absurd, the sudden fear of a woman, when she had sung for five hundred people at Bamford Town-hall. She could only do her best. Arguing thus, the flutter of her heart lessened, and though she felt anxious and troubled still, the feeling of actual terror had passed away.

The brilliant lamp-light in the large room was successfully vying with the vivid sunset glow outside, and Dandie was quite in the shade behind the heavy curtains. Lady Gladys also managed to shelter her a good deal with her sweeping draperies; she went on talking about nothing in particular for some minutes and then turned and looked at Dandie.

"Ah, you are better now!" she said re-assuringly. "The scared look has gone out of your eyes."

"Whom are you secreting in the corner there, Lady Gladys?" inquired Colonel de Briant. "Is there some plot on foot to blow us all up, and is the conspirator hidden behind the curtain?"

Then he saw it was Dandie, and he shook hands with her.

"If this is the head of the conspiracy, I beg to enrol myself a conspirator at once," he said, taking a chair and seating himself in front of them; "so now, if you please, open out, as the Americans say. I'm all attention!"

"Shall we tell him Miss Gaspard?"

"If you like," replied Dandie.

This was the first time she had seen the Colonel since Jack had made that dreadful insinuation, and she felt shy and constrained.

"Miss Gaspard has just found out that Madame Gilette is a musical celebrity, and she is scared at the idea of singing before her," explained Lady Gladys.

"And you were hiding her away so that she could not be found when wanted?"

"Not exactly that. I was sheltering her to give her time to brace up her nerves."

"I do not think you need be frightened, Miss Gaspard," said De Briant. "Madame Gilette is always ready to admire a fine voice."

"That is what I told her," observed Lady Gladys. "It is rather astonishing to see Madame out of London so soon, is it not? I thought her engagements at the Opera would keep her in town for a fortnight at least."

"It is unusual," answered the Colonel; "but she told me before dinner that, having worked very hard lately, she had demanded a whole week off. She promised Mr. Speight some time ago to be present at these coming-of-age festivities; she used to always stay at his house when she went down to Manchester to sing in the Oratorios, years ago, so they are quite old friends."

"There she is, Miss Gaspard," whispered Lady Gladys, as a group of ladies came from the inner drawing-room—"the tall woman in black satin!"

"Rather alarming in appearance, is she not?" observed Colonel de Briant, highly amused at Dandie's awe-struck face. "Do you not think those thick, straight black eye-brows look very fierce?"

"They look very determined; but I don't think they look fierce," returned Dandie critically; "and then her mouth looks so pleasant that I don't think one could really be frightened at her."

"Listen to Winton making an idiot of himself," said Lady Gladys. "That is the last song Judic sang at the Gaiety, Colonel. Really he does it very well. He has caught that funny little shriek of hers exactly."

Dandie tried to hear what the French song was about. It was something intensely amusing, to judge from the peals of laughter that came from the people round the piano when Lord Winton had finished; but the words did not reach so far as the window. Most likely the singer was only singing for the benefit of his picked audience. Then, quite suddenly while Dandie had almost forgotten the ordeal that was

before her, Blanche's merry face appeared round the curtain, and her sweet voice said:

"Now, my dearest, come and put a stop to this babel of tongues."

Dandie rose at once, and the Colonel offered her his arm. He felt the little hand tremble slightly, and gave it an encouraging pressure as they crossed the long room to the piano.

"Make up your mind to put your whole soul into your voice, and you are sure to sing well," he whispered.

Blanche selected a song and played the symphony. Dandie was glad that there was no awful silence to break with her first notes. As she glanced round, every one seemed to be engrossed in conversation, so she began; but, before she had reached the end of the second bar, there was a profound stillness in the room.

She did not mind that now she had begun; she was putting her whole soul into it, as the Colonel had advised; in fact, the commencement had been the only part she had dreaded from the first.

Blanche had selected a *scena* from *La Traviata*. In teaching Dandie this, Madame Gaspard had introduced a cadenza near the end, for the purpose of bringing the girl's high E flat into prominence. She brought it out now with thrilling effect, singing the whole passage with exquisite flexibility, and introducing a long-sustained, delicate trill at the close.

There was a unanimous murmur of thanks from everybody as the last note died away, and Colonel de Briant said "Bravo!" *sotto voce*.

Conversation was not immediately resumed, as is usually the case, and, in the hush, Jack crossed the room quickly to the piano, and, in Madame Gilette's name, asked for another song.

"You shall choose for yourself this time, Dandie," said Blanche.

Dandie selected one of her favorites, "The Old Folks at Home," and when this was finished she found half the men in the room crowding round the piano.

"By Jove, that is something like singing!" said Lord Winton ecstatically. "That beats all the operatic business into fits. Ask Miss Gaspard to sing the last verse again, Speight."

Dandie shook her head, and was relieved when Jack took her away to the other end of the room where the great ladies were, saying:

"Madame Gilette wants to know you."

"My dear, you have given me very great pleasure," said Madame, taking both the girl's hands and looking at her keenly; "you have a most beautiful voice, and it has been admirably trained. Bring a chair, John; I should like to have a talk with Miss Gaspard."

John did as he was bidden, and Dandie sat down meekly.

"What master have you studied under?" asked Madame.

"I have had no teacher but my mother," returned Dandie quietly.

"Then your mother is a most gifted woman. She is training you for a public career, I suppose?"

"My mother is dead," said Dandie simply.

"My child, I beg your pardon—I am very sorry!" replied Madame, discomposed for a moment. "You must not think me impertinent for asking," she went on, after a slight pause, "because I have good reason for doing so; but do your friends intend you to become a public singer?"

"No—that is, I don't think so—I don't think they have ever thought about it," said Dandie confusedly.

"That is a pity! It is a shame to hide such a wonderful gift as yours? Such a voice as that would make your fortune if taken in hand properly. Who are your relations?"

"I haven't one!" replied the girl, with unconscious pathos.

"No relations at all! Then with whom do you live, dear?"

"With the Rector of the parish—Mr. Gray. He promised my mother when she was dying that he would take care of me."

"Oh!"

Madame was not pleased to hear that the girl's guardian was a clergyman; she thought he would be a stumbling-block in the way of certain plans she was busily forming.

"Should you like to sing in public?" she asked next.

"I hardly know," Dandie said doubtfully. "The idea is so new to me. I've never thought of earning my living in that way. I suppose it would be better than going out as a governess."

Madame threw up both her hands with a gesture of dismay.

"Hear her," she cried tragically—"hear this child, with a voice like a nightingale, talking of becoming a governess! My dear little girl," she said, with a sudden seriousness, "if it should ever come to pass that you are compelled to go out into the world to fight your own way, will you come straight to me, and I will show you a better plan of gaining your bread than by teaching stupid children their alphabet. Will you promise?"

"You are very kind——" began Dandie.

"No, I am not—unless it is to myself!" interrupted Madame. "You don't know what a gratification it would be to me to introduce such a voice as yours to the musical world. I will send you an address that will always find me, and you must put it away safely; and then, if the necessity of which we were speaking ever arises, you will know what to do—come off straight to me. Now, go to Mrs. Speight. She has been trying to catch your eye for the last five minutes; she wants to introduce you to the Duchess. You are quite the *lionne* of the evening little one. Don't forget!"

Dandie's ideas were all topsy-turvy as she went over to Mrs. Speight; she was in such a whirl of confusion that she went through the ceremony of being presented to the Duchess like one in a dream.

Had Dandie been herself, her soul would have been filled with awe at this dread ceremony of introduction to the recognized leader of the county society; but she was feeling so elated at the removal of her fear that she would some day have to go out as a governess that nothing would have disconcerted her, and she talked to the Duchess with such pretty self-possession as to impress that amiable elderly lady most favorably.

"She is one of the best-bred girls of her age that I have ever met," remarked the Duchess to Mrs. Speight, when Dandie had been carried off again to help in a quartette. "Is she any relation to your husband's family, Mrs. Speight?"

"No; she is French by birth. She is the daughter of that Madame Gaspard who used to come over to the castle to teach your younger children French."

"Really! You surprise me! She has such perfect manners! Do you know, as she stood talking to me, I fancied I saw a resemblance to the last Grafton in the direct line—Philip, I think his name was. He was treated shamefully by his father, and died quite young, abroad, I believe. I was a comparatively young woman when he was here, and I remember feeling very sorry for him when we met in the hunting-field—the only place, by-the-bye, where one did meet him—and, in my pity, I used to make rather a fuss over him. That pretty child is certainly very much like him."

Though Mrs. Speight was not much given to looking below the surface, it certainly did appear strange to her that the Duchess should have discovered this accidental likeness as well as Mr. Blaine. Moreover, she argued, the likeness must be very remarkable, since her grace had detected it after a lapse of about nineteen years, and her acquaintance with Philip Grafton had been very slight.

Later in the evening, Colonel de Briant said to Dandie:

"Have you had any more head-aches?"

"No, thank you; I don't often suffer that way, you know," she replied.

And then a significant expression in the Colonel's eyes made her ask quickly:

"Did Blanche return your Indian bottle?"

He shook his head.

"How vexed I am!" she said, blushing hotly. "I found it in my pocket when I went up stairs to put on my wraps, and Blanche undertook to return it without delay. How very rude you must have thought me!"

"No," said the Colonel very softly, and looking at her pleasantly as he spoke. "I did not think you very rude; but I did hope you had done me the honor of keeping the trifle."

"As if I could do such a thing!" cried Dandie, in great distress. "I don't know how to apologise for my seeming forgetfulness."

"Pray accept it now."

"Indeed I could not; please don't ask me!" she said. And he, seeing that she was distrubed about it, let the subject drop.

The next morning Miss Speight's maid met him as he left his room, and gave him a packet, saying—

"Miss Gaspard told me to give this to you, sir."

Colonel de Briant took the trifle from the girl's hand, and placed it in his pocket, while a strange smile lighted up his face.

* * * * * *

The much-talked-of month of July had come at last. The bells in the church tower were ringing a merry appeal in honor of the occasion, and all the residents in the village, dressed in their best were wending their way to the Hall to hear the reading of the birthday address from the tenants to the heir, and afterwards partake of the good things set forth in the monster marquees on either side of the avenue, outside of the ha-ha that divided the gardens from the park land.

As Mr. Blaine came out on to the terrace a few minutes before twelve, and gazed at his surroundings—the brilliant flower-beds, and well-kept lawns and walks in the immediate foreground, and the fine park that stretched away beyond—as he noted all this, and the pleased expectancy on the faces of the prosperous-looking people strolling about or standing in groups all around him, as he listened to the continuous roll of carriages that were setting down the more important guests at the side entrance, he could not avoid recalling that other coming-of-age day.

He contrasted all this joy and happiness with that occasion, when the only event which marked the day as distinct from the other days was the stormy scene between Mr. Grafton and his heir.

How vividly that interview came back to the lawyer—the cool, complacent father, the justly incensed son, the angry recrimination and the outburst of passion with which Philip quitted the room!

"Poor fellow!" murmured the lawyer to himself, as he turned to go into the house. He felt these memories were altogether out of place on such an occasion as the present. He would go and have a chat with some one, and forget them. "Poor fellow," he repeated gently; "I little thought that was the last time I should see him, still less that he should be the last of the Graftons!"

Then, as he raised his eyes from the ground, he encountered Dandie's merry glance.

"Good morning, Mr. Blaine!" she cried cheerfully. "Can't stop to shake hands, I am so dreadfully busy!" And she disappeared by a door on the other side of the hall.

Mr. Blaine stood for some minutes watching the door through which she had passed, with a startled look on his face.

"Upon my life, I thought it was a ghost!" he ejaculated. "I never saw such a likeness in my life coming on the remembrance of poor Philip, it almost scared me. The first chance I get of speaking to that child quietly, I'll ask her a few questions about her people."

The lawyer fully meant to carry out this intention; but he was a very busy man, and, long, before the chance that he wished for occurred, the idea was driven out of his head by a score of other projects and plans.

It was a day of incessant bustle and excitement, from the first warm shout of welcome Mr. Speight and Jack, followed by many of the county aristocracy made their appearance on the terrace to listen to an address of congratulation, to the time when Dandie, fully equipped for conquest, stood for a moment by the school-room door, waiting for Blanche, under whose escort she was to make her entrance into the ball-room.

Dandie was experiencing the keenest sense of enjoyment. This was the first important dance at which she had ever been present, and although she was not at all vain of her personal advantages, still the glance she had given herself in the looking-glass, before leaving Blanche's dressing-room, had made her aware that, as regarded by personal appearance, she might faintly hope to hold her own with the assembled youth and beauty of the county.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATHING AND BEAUTY.—Tepid water is preferable for every season of the year. Milk baths have been in favor from time immemorial with ladies, and nothing is better than a hot bath of milk. Madame Tallien was among the historical women who bathed in milk, to which she added crushed strawberries to give it an agreeable perfume. For a full-length bath a bag of bran will soften the water and make the skin deliciously smooth and fair; but no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterwards. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the flesh firm and polished like Parian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthful body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of obeisance.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE OSTRICH FEATHER.—If an ostrich-feather is held upright, it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side.

SMALL WAGES.—Millions of men in India, especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas, live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week, and frequently sinks to forty.

NEWS.—The word "news" is not, as many may imagine, derived from the adjective new. In former years it was a prevalent practice to put over the publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus: N E W S, and from this practice is derived the term of newspaper.

VALUABLE.—Many parents are apt to consider their daughters worth their weight in gold, but a Scotch gentleman estimated his two daughters' value at even a higher rate than this, bequeathing to each her weight in five dollar bank notes. The elder seems to have been slimmer than her sister for she got only $256,000 while the younger received $280,500.

BOOKS.—Books were originally bound in oaken boards, such being the manner in which was bound the manuscript copy of the four Evangelists, the books on which the kings of England, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took their coronation oath. Velvet was used in the fourteenth century, and silk soon afterwards. Vellum was introduced early in the fifteenth century, and leather about the same time time.

SEALS—ORGANS—BAKERS.—Seals sleep upon land; they also do so floating upon their backs in the sea. This habit they mostly indulge in when the weather is fine and the sea calm. The invention of the organ was attributed to Archimedes about 220 B.C. It was brought to Western Europe from the Greek empire, and used in religious devotions in churches about A.D. 657. The Romans gloved the hands and veiled the faces of the bakers, lest by chance plebeian taint should spoil the "upper crust."

A FARCE IN THE STALLS.—"In my verdant youth," says a well known writer, "happening to go to the play on a sultry evening, and being somewhat late, I hurriedly snatched up my folded overcoat from a chair, and, throwing it over my arm, I hastened off in a hansom. Arrived at the theatre, I sauntered into one of the stalls with that inexplicable swagger which only very young men can affect, carelessly throwing my overcoat over the back of my seat. What was my dismay when the garment unfolded itself and developed, amid the unsurpressed titter of all my observant neighbors, into a pair of trousers!"

MEXICAN SERVANTS.—When a person hires a servant in Mexico, it is expected that his or her entire family will reside with the hirer. The husband of the cook may be a shoemaker or a hackman, but when his day's duty is done, he goes to the house where his wife is living, sleeps there and takes his meals at the employer's table; and the same rule applies to the children. A person may hire a chambermaid and board her husband and eleven children. There is no alternative—no evasion of the custom of the country. This system is not so expensive as it seems however, for a whole family will sleep in a single room, and they do not need much but corn, bread and beans to eat, articles which do not involve much outlay.

PANTALOON.—Our old friend Pantaloon, who is having his brief hour on the stage in the pantomime, affords in his person such a striking example of the "sad vicissitude of things" that perhaps a few words concerning him may not be without interest at this time. His history is this. Saint Pantaleon, suffering martyrdom A.D. 303, became the patron saint of Venice, so a very common baptismal name among the Venetians, and applied to them by the other Italians as a nickname, and to the buffoon in the old Italian comedy, of which he was the butt of the piece, as his modern representative is now. Some etymologists derive the name from the Greek panta-leon, i.e., all-lion. Littre says that it stands for Pantelemone, from the Greek Pantelemon, all-merciful, while Lord Bryon advocates the Italian pianta leone, or the planter of the lion, or standard bearing the lion of St. Mark. His old enemy Harlequin derives his name from the old French hierlekin or helequin, old German helle-kin, meaning the kindred of hell or cacodemon.

AFTER BITTER TEARS.

BY J. C.

Some quick and bitter words we said,
And then we parted. How the sun
Swam through the sullen mist of gray!
A chill fell on the Summer day.
Life's best and happiest hours were done;
Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways,
And spoke no word and made no moan!
She braided up her flowing hair
That I had always called so fair.
Although she scorned my loving tone,
My word of praise.

And I! I matched her scorn with scorn;
I hated her with all my heart,
Until we chanced to meet one day;
She turned her pretty head away;
I saw two pretty tear drops start;
Lo! love was born.

Some fond, repenting word I said,
She answered only with a sigh;
But when I took her hand in mine
A radiant glory, half divine,
Flooded the earth and filled the sky;
Now we are wed.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHŒBE," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

HE had heard of her illness, for although Dorcas kept them a secret from her mistress, his visits had been as frequent as Geoffrey's, and his anxiety as evident.

Much as she feared Mr. Holt, Dorcas had answered these inquiries as curtly as she could, resenting them keenly, because she felt that Bell would care more for one of them than for Geoffrey Hamilton's flowers and visits.

The young lawyer had many a friend in the household, and the old butler had more than once repeated to him what the doctor had said, and given him fuller details than Mrs. Fane had done.

As his eyes rested on her face, as he entered the room, it seemed to Alick that her illness must have been feigned, she looked so queenly and beautiful in her plush robes; but a second glance told him that the flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes were due to fever, and the touch of the little hand she gave him in greeting startled him by its burning heat.

"Your visit is most apropos," she said, smiling. "Miss Digby——"

"You need not continue," he replied carelessly; "Miss Digby's delusions are known to me. She favored me with a visit at my office, and imparted some of them—or, perhaps, all of them—to me. They are somewhat amusing, are not they?"

"They are not delusions," Grace muttered sullenly.

"Are not they?" he said, shrugging his shoulders a little contemptuously, but still speaking courteously, for Alick Holt was too true a gentleman to be discourteous to a woman. "I thought I had convinced you to the contrary. Surely you must admit that the lawyer who drew up the will from Mrs. Hamilton's instructions—written instructions, which I still hold, remember—and saw it signed, may, without intolerance, hold his own opinion."

"You know," she interrupted him passionately, "that you are not speaking the truth! You have heard from her lips that it was a forgery. You——"

"Miss Digby," the young man said with grave dignity, "of what avail is this reiteration of your absurd arguments? You have stooped to eaves-dropping—a meanness of which one might have supposed an educated lady," emphasizing the word, "would have been incapable—and by so doing have heard a few words which could not give you even a clue to the conversation in which they occurred. You have condescended to play the spy, and your assumption of such a mean and despicable rôle has made you form certain suspicions utterly vague and——"

"They are not vague!" she put in moodily, lifting her eyes to his face for a moment.

"Are they not?" he said again, raising his eyebrows; "perhaps you will define them, Miss Hamilton," he added, turning to Bell, and speaking with a marked change of tone and manner, "this promises to be longer than I anticipated; will you not sit down? You cannot be very strong after your illness."

Bell's eyes were full of the deepest sorrow and contrition as they met his; they were apologetic, too, for the girl felt, in the inmost depths of her heart, the pain it caused him to evade the truth thus; to deny, for her sake, what, were he guilty, he would not have denied for his own.

She shook her head in silence; her lips were quivering so that speech was impossible, and the red flush had faded out of her cheeks.

She had put one little, trembling hand upon the mantel-piece to steady herself, and she stood with her face turned towards them, looking to Geoffrey Hamilton's admiring eyes a silent but complete denial to the false insinuations of her traducer.

"We are waiting," Alick Holt said calmly, turning again to Miss Digby, inexpressibly troubled by the look in Bell's eyes as they met his, and resuming his icy courtesy of tone and manner.

Grace made no answer; her rage kept her silent. The young man went on, after a short pause:

"Will you not favor us with this theory," he said, "which you have conceived, and which does more credit to your head than your heart, or rather, I should say, to your imagination than to your heart? It has urged you to make a charge which, even were it a true one, a woman in your position, owing what you do to Miss Hamilton ——"

Bell lifted her hand slightly.

"She owes me nothing," she said quietly, in a low voice. "Pray put that aside, Mr. Holt; Miss Digby owes me nothing! Let her speak."

"Let her speak, certainly," he answered gently, his voice softening with a great compassion, as he met her eyes. "But she can scarcely expect us to give implicit credence to the word of a spy—of a self-accused spy."

Still Grace held her peace. She did not guess that this silence of hers tortured Bell more than the most passionate torrent of words could have done; if she had known it, she might have persisted in it longer; as it was, in her anger at defeat, she could find no words.

She stood silent and motionless, pale, angry, sullen; all her prettiness eclipsed by her malice and vindictive jealousy.

"Of what use would it be?" she burst forth at last. "You would not believe me! You, the lawyer, are in her pay, no doubt, or, perhaps, like her victim yonder," pointing disdainfully to Geoffrey, "you are infatuated by her truth and sweetness! I have lost now; I see my defeat, but it may be only a temporary one! It is her turn to triumph now; my turn may come! Nay, it must come! And then——"

"Let us understand each other clearly, Miss Digby," Geoffrey Hamilton said, in a tone of angry sarcasm. "So far as I can understand your intemperate speeches, you accuse this lady of forging the will by which she inherited the wealth she now enjoys. Well, let us suppose for a moment, if your mind, Holt, can grasp such a supposition even for so brief a time, that Miss Hamilton is guilty of this enormity,"—he glanced at Bell with a little, proud, tender smile as he spoke—"who has been injured by the will? Myself only, unless Miss Digby has some shadowy claimant in the background, whom she has yet to produce. And if I do not complain or prosecute Miss Hamilton, who else has the right to do so? And if she were guilty of a crime a hundred times as great, she would still be the woman whom I honor and reverence above every other woman in the world!"

He took Bell's left hand, which hung listlessly at her side, as he spoke, and, bending, touched it with his lips.

The action—done with a passionate desire to prove to Grace that her venomous words had been entirely disregarded, and at the same time to prove to Bell how completely he trusted her—had a certain grace, even nobility, about it which gave the young artist a dignity and stateliness which were unusual to him.

Bell let her eyes rest upon his face with a sorrowfully grateful look, and as he released her hand—the little hand which, from being hot as live coal, was now cold as death—it fell heavily back to its former resting place among the soft, golden folds of her gown.

"If I had proofs, I would show you what she is, this woman whom you honor and reverence above every other woman in the world," Grace Digby said furiously. "But I am helpless. If I had proofs——"

"If you had proofs," Geoffrey said angrily, stung by her tone and words, "it would avail you nothing since I should decline to prosecute."

She laughed wildly.

"But you would be obliged to do so!" she cried. "And her beauty, great as it is, would not bewitch the judge and jury as it has bewitched you. And Mr. Holt there—ah, he may love her perhaps, but he does not reverence and honor her, not he!"

"This scene had better end," Alick Holt said, calmly and coldly, but with the same perfect serenity of manner as he had shown throughout the interview. "If Miss Digby cannot be a little more explicit in her ——"

"You know I cannot!" she cried passionately. "You know I have no proofs! Had I not been powerless I should have taken some other means than these; as it is, let her triumph; she is not happy for all her wealth and——"

She paused, choked with anger and fast becoming hysterical in her wrath.

It was impossible—it would have been equally impossible, even if the two young men had not loved Bell, for the great contrast between the two girls to have escaped them; the one furious, her face dark with passion, her eyes starting from their orbits, her lips quivering under the slight foam which rage had brought to them; the other pale as a queen lily, with drooping head and sorrowful lips, as she stood leaning against the mantel-piece, her long rich dress falling around her in rich shaded folds of gold and brown.

Whatever Mabel Stanley's sins were, of omission or commission, that moment contained anguish enough to have stoned for them all.

The generous trust in her shown by the man whom she had wronged bowed her to the very earth.

The suffering she knew Alick Holt endured seemed to strike upon her own heart with redoubled violence; and through this agony her pity for Grace, whose sin was so much less than her own, the girl thought humbly, yet who received contempt and disdain, added more and more to her pain.

Had the confession of her sin only involved herself, she would not have hesitated to avow it then and there, but there was Dorcas.

"Have you finished?" Geoffrey exclaimed angrily, as Grace's shrill voice died away in her throat.

"Miss Digby has said more than enough," Alick interposed calmly, although he was very pale, and his lips were stern and set under his moustache. "If she says more, she will force me to remind her that it is not everybody's past which will bear close inspection, and that here," he added significantly, fixing his eyes on Grace, who shrank back and trembled, "will bear it less than most. I think," he continued quietly, as if dismissing the subject, "that she will see the wisdom of leaving this house, and of ceasing to annoy Miss Hamilton in any way. If the wisdom of this course does not show itself to her, I shall make it my business to prove it to her at a very early opportunity."

Quiet as his tone was, Grace understood the menace which lay behind it. She trembled violently, and looked round the room as if she feared to confront some more explicit accuser.

She tried to move away, but her limbs seemed powerless in her sudden and overwhelming fear.

Bell, startled at the absolute silence that had followed Alick Holt's words, lifted her eyes and glanced questioningly at the pale, menacing faces of the two young men, and then at Grace Digby's.

The abject fear, the shrinking terror she saw there, the nerveless trembling of the girl's limbs, the pallor which had succeeded the dark flush of anger, these things, which proved her cowardice, increased her disgrace in the eyes of Alick Holt and Geoffrey Hamilton, only increased Bell's remorseful compassion.

She went quickly to her side, giving Alick Holt, as she passed him, a look of entreaty, and going to Grace, laid her hand upon her arm.

"Let this scene end," she said gently. "I think you do not truly wish to injure me, and——"

"It is not in her power!" Geoffrey exclaimed angrily.

"We can part without more bitterness on either side," Bell went on, without heeding the interruption. "Hammond will help you in your preparations, as, of course, the same roof cannot shelter us."

A nervous spasm contracted the colorless face of the woman to whom she spoke; as, for a moment, she lifted her eyes to the beautiful, sad face bending over her, she recognized the nobler, higher nature, which if it were guilty of sin, was incapable of baseness.

Stung, maddened, defeated as she was, an unwilling look of admiration crept for a moment into her eyes, then, with a muttered exclamation, which sounded more like an execration than aught else, she flung off the gentle hand, and rushed from the room.

As the door closed after her, Bell staggered slightly, and put her hand to her heart; in an instant Geoffrey was at her side.

"This has been too much for you," he said tenderly; "you are ill!"

For a moment she did not speak, but stood motionless, leaning against the wall, her hand still pressed to her side, her eyes downcast; her cheeks and lips were colorless; her face had the grayish, rigid pallor of one already dead.

"That wretched woman!" Geoffrey exclaimed angrily. "She——"

She put her hand feebly towards him, with a little gesture of silence; she lifted her eyes slowly, and let them rest upon his face with a look so full of anguish that he drew back a little.

"If you are so merciless to her," she said, the words coming slowly—as if with an effort—from her bloodless and drawn lips, "how dare I hope for mercy at your hands? What——"

A great, tearless sob broke down her words. He looked at her in silence, and with startled eyes.

"Her sin is but the common baseness of ingratitude," Bell went on in the same manner. "My sin against you is a blacker crime, for"—her breath came and went in shuddering effort, her eyes were dim and blind as they rested on his face—"what she said is true! I am guilty of that which she accused me of!"

"Guilty!" he repeated, in incredulity and horror. "Guilty—you?"

"Yes—I!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE was a pause. It was short—for it only lasted a few minutes, but to Bell, standing there, self-accused, penitent; to Alick Holt, startled, agitated, suffering with her pain, and feeling her sorrow so keenly; to Geoffrey Hamilton, horrified, started, incredulous, it seemed a far longer space of time.

It seemed as if the girl's words had stunned them into silence, for not one of the three spoke; even Alick Holt, whose self command both by nature and training was so great, found it fail him now, while Geoffrey, white as death, appeared turned to stone as he stood staring blindly at the girl whom he loved and honored, yet who had, in one sentence, hurled her terrible confession at him.

At first his startled bewilderment prevented him from understanding what she had said, but when fuller comprehension came, incredulity came with it.

He laughed a little, but the laugh was not natural, and it rang falsely through the dead silence of the room.

"Are you trying the truth of my assertion just now?" he asked, trying to speak unconstrainedly. "It was not lightly spoken, I assure you. Had you been as guilty as that wretched girl believed you—or pretended to believe you—you would still be peerless in my sight."

"I am guilty!" she said, in a low, steady voice, tuneless and measured, her face still gray and rigid as if carved in stone. So many wretched days and haunted nights had passed during which she had acted this scene, and cursed herself for its inevitable agony and shame, that, although she was physically weak and ill, she had strength enough for self-command.

"Guilty!" he echoed, putting his hand to his eyes for a moment like a man suddenly aroused from sleep. "What folly is this? Bell, I have suffered enough to-day. Spare me and yourself; this jest is worn threadbare now. Coming from your lips the words hurt me, from hers they could not affect me, because I knew they were false!"

"They are not false!" she said faintly.

"They cannot be true," he replied.

Alick's hand, gently laid upon his shoulder, checked the quick words. He turned his face towards him in surprised questioning.

The lawyer's face was colorless as he pointed with a trembling hand to Bell.

"Do not distress her needlessly," he said unsteadily. "There is your answer Hamilton."

Stunned once more into silence, Geoffrey slowly turned his eyes from Alick's face and let them rest upon Bell.

She had not changed her position; she stood motionless, leaning against the wall, her head drooping forward, her arms hanging helplessly by her side.

The utter despair and intense humiliation of her attitude answered Geoffrey as no mere words could have done; his expression changed; he fell back a step or two, still keeping his eyes fixed on the lovely, tragic face of the woman who accused herself of so serious a crime.

Alick Holt watched him anxiously and sorrowfully, recalling, as he did so, the terrible suffering which he himself had endured at the mere suspicion of her guilt.

This poor fellow loved her also—deeply, there could be no doubt about that—and he was stunned by this dreadful self-accusation which she had made.

He stood looking at Bell with a dull, stupified expression of incredulity and surprise, and a terrible silence ensued for some minutes, a silence during which neither stirred nor spoke.

Alick Holt was the first to break it. Looking at Bell with tender anxiety, he saw that she was incapable of longer sustaining the effort of standing; with a quick movement he pushed a chair towards her and gently made her sit down. She obeyed mechanically, and sinking heavily into the arm-chair, she bowed her head and hid her face upon her hands.

The movement roused the young artist from his stupor. He raised his head and turned to Alick Holt.

"What is it?" he asked, in a helpless, dazed manner; "I do not understand! What does she mean? Does she mean that what that woman said is true?"

Alick hesitated for a moment, then going softly to Bell's side, he bent over her.

"Shall I tell him?" he whispered. "Can I spare you?"

She looked up at him, a passion of gratitude brightening her face; she understood all he risked by such an offer.

If Geoffrey Hamilton chose, he could surely harm him, a lawyer, for hiding the suspicions he had conceived, she thought.

"No," she said softly. "Thank you, but—I will finish what I have begun; I will tell him—and you—all!"

Alick drew back, suffering for her keenly, loving her in this moment of humiliation even more passionately than before.

He wondered vaguely how Geoffrey Hamilton would receive her confession.

Did he love her well enough to forgive it, and, passing it over, to love her still? It seemed so, for his face was grave, and gentle, and earnest, as he looked at her now.

"You are not afraid of me?" he said unsteadily. "Bell, whatever it is, tell me; I love you well enough to remember nothing, save my love for you."

"Ah, no—no—no!" the girl said wildly. "Do not say so. Do not let me think that I have ruined your life. Oh, listen to me calmly, and when you have heard, there will be no love in your heart for me, only contempt and dislike."

She rose to her feet, and steadying herself against the back of her chair, went on hurriedly:

"It will not be a long story, it can soon be told, because I need not dwell upon suffering and anguish, such as few people know, I hope, even in this weary world. Honest men," she continued bitterly, "since I have belonged to the great world, since I have been Miss Hamilton, the heiress, courted and flattered, I have wondered if other people whom I have met in society, smiling and animated, carried a heavy heart as I did, for I smiled also as they did. I wondered sometimes too, if any of them carried the heavy burden of sin that I carried, for even when I thought my sin justified, nay righteous, the burden of it seemed heavier than I could bear."

She paused for a moment, and putting her hands to her temples, pushed away the clustering hair from her forehead; she was very pale still, but the livid hue had faded from her face, and had been succeeded by a more natural pallor.

"Two years ago, Mr. Hamilton," she went on, turning her face towards him, "I did not know the real meaning of the word sorrow. I had left school perfectly happy and free from care; without a cloud on my horison. I had lost my parents at an age when I was too young to understand my loss, and I had never missed their care or tenderness in Pauline's love."

Her eyes went with a look of ineffable tenderness and love to the beautiful face of her sister. Geoffrey's eyes followed them, a faint light of comprehension dawning in their puzzled depths.

"She was all I had," Bell went on quite calmly, but in a voice of heart-breaking pathos, and a look of anguish in her beautiful eyes, which was sadder than the most passionate tears could have been, "all I wanted! Together we had been perfectly happy. My keenest pang had been when we parted for a short time while I was at school; the happiest moment I had ever known was when I went home for good and saw her waiting for me on the platform, looking at me with eyes so full of happiness!

"I need not tell you that she was beautiful," she went on huskily. "You exclaimed at her beauty when you saw the sketch of her in your studio, Mr. Hamilton, but you cannot judge of her loveliness from that; and she was so good, so sweet, so pure; she had the truest heart, the most beautiful nature, the sweetest soul; she had never done an unkind action, never said an unkind word. She was happy, too; as we drove home together and full of plans for the future, she had never seemed so gay; she had never seemed so happy or so well. 'How can I but look well,' she said, 'when I am so happy? And yet an hour later she was dying of a broken heart!"

"Ah!"

The exclamation, almost like a cry, had broken from both young men at once.

They had listened in breathless silence and attention, the girl's pale, tragic face, and low, tuneless voice adding to the interest of the story which was new to them both.

A gleam of relief lightened Alick Holt's sorrowful eyes as she continued; he was glad to know that she had not been tempted by greed when she became Mrs. Hamilton's heiress.

"An hour before we had met with joy and gladness, an hour later she lay in my arms stricken to death by a cruel, ruthless hand. Oh, no, there was no dagger, no pistol, no poison used; it was a letter killed her—a letter! Here it is."

She crossed the room, opened an old-fashioned escritoire in a recess, and unlocking a secret drawer took from it two or three papers.

Selecting one she handed it to Geoffrey, who, as he took it from her, exclaimed with horror—

"Leclerc's writing! Is he——"

He paused, growing pale as death as he read the lines and saw that they were signed by his own name.

"The villain!" he exclaimed furiously. "I did not write it, Bell! On my honor, I ——"

"I know you did not," she answered, with unspeakable sadness in her beautiful eyes as they quickly met his; "but until I went to your studio, I thought you had."

He was silent for a moment, looking at her.

The truth was beginning to dawn upon him, bringing with it a great pity for Bell, a great anger against Fulton Leclerc.

"That was not my only proof," she went on, hoarsely. "All that night my darling lingered in cruellest agony of mind and body, and when she was dying, her mind wandered. She thought she was in the summer woods with the man who called himself by the name written there,"—she pointed, with a trembling hand, to the letter between the painter's unsteady fingers—"and who had won her heart's best love. She called him by that name, she spoke of the song he had sung to her, and, for a few brief seconds, all was forgotten save that love and happiness; and then at the last she remembered—she remembered the letter which had come so unexpectedly, so cruelly, to stab her to the heart, and her last moments were embittered by that remembrance. She died with the words upon her lips, 'Stabbed to the heart!' That was at dawn," the girl said, softly; "she had lived and suffered all through the night!"

"And this killed her!" Geoffrey Hamilton said very hoarsely, looking down at the letter in his hand. "This killed her?"

"That killed her. It—she said it herself—stabbed her to the heart!"

"It killed her!" he repeated, with sudden passion. "And I have taken the hand of the man who wrote it in my own as the hand of a friend, and he—the traitor; but" —his hand clenched over the paper in strong anger—"if it is too late to save her, it is not too late for revenge!"

Bell put out her hand to him with a supplicatory gesture.

"Ah, no!" she said faintly. "Revenge is worse than useless! I thought otherwise once, but now I know. I have forgiven him, even as she would have done."

"But such treachery——"

"Nay," she answered. "Let it rest now! I think even he suffered when he knew the truth."

"Bell, poor child, how you must have suffered!" he exclaimed tremulously. "How could you bear the sight of me? Forgive me if, unknowingly, I have added to your pain."

"It is for you to forgive me," she said faintly. "You were innocent of all wrong to her, yet you have suffered for his guilt! I did not condemn you without proofs," she went on, with a wan smile. "There are these other notes, you see, and this book—it has your name in it."

He took it gently from her hand. It was a volume of Swinburne's poems, with his own name on the fly-leaf, with "Artists' Club" after it.

He remembered having lent it to Leclerc when they had gone to Devonshire together.

As he turned over the leaves slowly, he wondered if they had read it together in the summer woods which her beauty made so bright, the beauty which had been to her, poor Pauline, so fatal a dower!

"I think when she died all that was good in me died also," the girl went on, in low, broken tones. "I had but one thought, one desire, one hope, to live to be revenged upon the man who had killed her. I think I went mad then!" she exclaimed passionately, lifting her hands to her head, and pressing the burning palms to her throbbing temples. "My head ached and throbbed so terribly, it has never ceased aching since."

"No wonder, poor child!" the young artist said tenderly. "It was a foul and cruel deed to betray so sweet a soul; and it was but natural that you should wish to have vengeance for so shameful an action. Do you not agree with me, Holt?"

Alick bowed without a word. He had listened in unbroken silence to the low and stifled tones in which Bell had told her story, listened with mingled pain and pleasure.

He had loved her in the past, when he had been forced—against his will—to believe her guilty of a fraud, and actuated thereto by the love of money and greed for wealth; and now seeing daylight through the fog of doubt and suspicion which had obscured his mental vision, he saw that if she were guilty, her motive had not been the base and ignoble one which he had attributed to her, and which had caused him such bitter sorrow; it had been a mistaken and a sinful one, doubtless, but it had not been base.

"It was impossible," Geoffrey went on, "that you could doubt my guilt, and I can feel no anger against you, Bell, and ——"

"Wait," she said unsteadily. "You have not heard all yet. You think my sin against you is merely judging you wrongly. It does not end there."

She was silent for a few minutes, as if gathering her thoughts and courage for this final avowal.

It was hard to make it, the girl's proud, sensitive nature revolted against it passionately, but she could not shrink from it; it must be made.

The one of her two listeners who knew what was coming felt himself grow pale to his lips, as he waited for her to begin.

"What I have to tell you must seem dreadful to you," Bell said unsteadily; "because it is dreadful. My sin has been so great that it seems as if the truth would blister my lips, but it must be told. Among the notes, I found a gentleman's visiting card bearing your name, with the words 'Artists' Club' written upon it. I discovered easily enough that there was a Geoffrey Hamilton, a member of the Artists' Club, and only one. We, Dorcas and I, for she loved Pauline as if she were her own child, and was as anxious as myself for justice—we called it justice not vengeance!—we came together to London, and we easily found out what little there was to know about you. That you were an artist, not rich, but with great expectations from your aunt, whose natural heir you were. You see even that seemed to tell us we were on the right track," she said piteously, looking at him with pleading eyes. "In that letter, as you see, he speaks of an aunt from whom he has expectations."

"Doubtless with the purpose of disguising his own identity more completely," said Alick Holt quietly. "Mr Leclerc has been careful not to commit himself."

"And equally careful to commit me," Geoffrey remarked, with an uncomfortable little laugh.

"We came to London," Bell continued in her slow, tired voice, "and it seemed to me as if the righteousness of our cause were proved by what occurred there. We had been only a short time in town, when by a chance—a fortunate one, I deemed it then—I was introduced to Mrs. Hamilton."

Hitherto the girl's beautiful, pale face had been almost impassive; now, for the first time, signs of emotion were visible there.

The stony calmness of her features had softened, her eyes filled with slow tears, which hung upon her lashes, but which came no farther; by a strong effort she kept them from rolling down her cheeks.

"She was impulsive, as you know," she said, rather unsteadily, "and she took a fancy to me on our first meeting; and she was so good to me—so good, so tender, so loving—that I, who had thought my heart had changed to ice when I lost Pauline, found that it was still capable of love. I grew to love her very much, and she loved me. We went abroad together, Dorcas, of course, going with us, and one day I told her my sister's story. She exclaimed in horror, and passionately declared that Geoffrey Hamilton should not inherit a penny of hers. I triumphed then. I was glad, and proud, and victorious; my revenge had begun successfully. The next day, Mrs. Hamilton startled me by telling me she had decided on making me her heiress. She loved me dearly, she said; she felt towards me as if I were indeed the little daughter she had longed for. It would make her happy if she knew that after her death I should be rich. I had never thought of this, and I remonstrated. I was glad beyond all words that her nephew should be disinherited, but I had never dreamed of profiting by his loss. But she pleaded, and urged, and argued; and I yielded, because she was ill, and I saw that it would make her happier. I did not care much who had the money so long as Geoffrey Hamilton did not inherit the wealth for which, as I thought, he had sacrificed my sister.

"Soon after this she became much worse, and her one anxiety was to return to England. The doctors at Nice reluctantly gave her permission, seeing as they said, that opposition to her wishes would only increase her illness. We started, but before leaving, she wrote to Mr. Clark, her lawyer, and gave him instructions to draw up a will in my favor."

She paused to rest; she had spoken rapidly and without hesitation, but that it cost her an effort to do so was evident from her intense pallor, and her attitude, as she leant heavily against the back of the tall chair near which she stood.

The young man had listened without interruption, their absorbed interest increasing with every moment, but while Geoffrey waited in breathless suspense and somewhat bewildered attention for the denouement of this story in which he was so greatly interested, Alick Holt, knowing what that denouement was, had turned away his face and stood shading his eyes with his hand, his face as pale as Bell's own, his mouth set in a stern expression of pain under its shading moustache.

Bell herself, in the relief from secrecy this avowal brought with it, suffered less than he did when he stood by to witness the humiliation of the woman whom—erring, sinful as she was—he loved so well.

"We started," Bell resumed, after a short pause, "but on the way, mother—she made me call her so," the girl said, breaking off for a moment, and smiling a faint, wan smile; "she liked to hear it—mother grew much worse, and when we reached Derdignon, a small station not far from Lyons, we were obliged to stop. She was carried to the hotel. It was a wretched place at any time, but the season was winter, and the weather unusually cold, so that it seemed even more comfortless; but it was quiet, and that seemed the chief thing now, for I, even I, reluctant as I was to believe it, saw that the end was near. As we laid her upon the pillows of the bed so hastily prepared, she seemed to rally a little, and caught at my hand. 'Send for Mr. Clark,' she whispered. 'Telegraph for him. I must live until he comes; I must live to sign my will!'"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I TELEGRAPHED," Bell continued, in her low voice, which had grown faint and weak now from sheer physical exhaustion, "for Mr. Clark, and not for him only, but for medical advice from Paris and Lyons. Mason, Mrs. Hamilton's faithful maid; Dorcas, and Michael Hardy, her courier, were with us, and we traveled with a stock of invalid comforts, which entirely prevented her feeling the desolation of the auberge where we had been forced to take shelter, and Mason and Dorcas were both experienced in illness. For a day or two she seemed to improve slightly, her eagerness for Mr. Clark's arrival I think sustained her. 'I must live to sign my will,' she would repeat again and again. 'Bell, I cannot die, I will not die until I have signed my will. I could not rest in my grave if I thought he would have the fortune for which he sacrificed your sister.' And when I tried to soothe her, she always put me aside in this strong desire, which seemed to give strength to her weak body."

Her voice faltered and failed her for the first time her resolution was overcome by her weakness: her head sank on her breast, great tearless sobs shook her from head to foot, she dropped heavily into the chair which Geoffrey hastily placed for her, and covered her face with her hands. As Alick Holt glanced from her to Geoffrey, he saw in the expression on the latter's face, that he had been right when he said that she had nothing to fear from Geoffrey Hamilton.

"Tell no more now," he said. "You are worn out, exhausted. Rest now, and——"

She raised her head and looked up at him with dim eyes.

"I could not rest until I have told you all," she answered faintly. "The worst is to come. Mr. Clark's telegram saying that his nephew would start immediately for Derdignon seemed to have given her new life; we had even begun to hope that she would improve. I never left her, and all her waking moments were spent in hoping and longing for his arrival. She seemed to infect us all with the longing, although until then my heart was so full of misery at the thought of losing her that I had for the moment lost sight of my longed for revenge. But Mason, who was in her mistress's confidence, and Dorcas, were as eager as poor mother herself, for the will to be signed which would deprive Geoffrey Hamilton of the inheritance which would otherwise be his, since Mrs. Hamilton's lawyers held a will to that effect made some time before.

"But the improvement was only evanescent, nay, after it her strength seemed to fail rapidly; in the night of the second day her mind began to wander slightly at intervals, but through the wanderings this wish to live until her purpose was accomplished was strong within her still, and again and again she made us promise that, by any means in our power, we should have her wishes carried out. She never, through the cruellest suffering, lost sight of this wish, and I think the greatness of her longing infected Mason, who was faithfully devoted to her, as much as it did Dorcas and myself, whose thirst for vengeance increased as we witnessed the death agony which recalled our darling's sufferings eighteen months before.

"The next day the doctor from Lyons came, bringing at my request, a physician from Paris. When they saw her the delirium was over; she was lying in what seemed a stupor. I saw by their faces what they thought, and managed to ask them how long she could live. 'An hour, at longest,' one of them answered; it was then early in the afternoon; I knew the lawyer could not arrive, at the earliest, until evening. A feeling of despair seized me,—he would come too late; the revenge I had longed and lived for, and which had been almost in my grasp, had eluded it at the very moment of triumph. The man who had killed Pauline would inherit this great wealth, and be free to be happy with another woman!

"The doctors went away. I sat stupefied, despairing by the bed. An hour, two hours had passed, but she breathed still; she had lingered three hours after the doctor's departure when she passed away quietly, and we only knew that she was dead by the peace which had succeeded the pained, defeated look which her face had worn, as if she knew even in her stupor——"

An almost breathless silence reigned as the low faint voice died away for a moment.

Geoffrey was beginning to understand now, his face was eager and flushed. Alick's was still shaded by his hand, as he stood, leaning his elbow upon the mantel-piece.

Bell went on—

"I hardly know now," she said, "who suggested the means by which I robbed you; the recollection of that time is full of confusion and misery to me. Mason was the most self-possessed, and it was she made the necessary arrangements for the fraud. Had Mr. Clark been able to come himself, we could have done nothing, but his illness helped us, everything helped us," she cried out suddenly with a little, broken despairing cry. "It was made so easy for us, so easy that the temptation was too great to be withstood. When you came," she turned her face to Alick for a moment, "all was ready for the fraud, and —and—Dorcas, my poor obedient Dorcas, signed the will you brought!"

"How?" broke forth Geoffrey, in his amazement. "Surely someone knew my aunt was dead?"

"No one knew it," the girl said wearily. "How should they? We only—Mason, Dorcas, and myself—nursed her. No one else, save the doctors, ever entered the room. They, the doctors, were gone, and there was no one to tell Mr. Holt, when he arrived, that she was dead. There were two beds in the room, curtained all round with voluminous chintz curtains, and it seemed that the thought of this deed of ours had occurred to Mason before. When they had made her ready for her last rest," Bell went on faintly, "tenderly, for they loved her, as they had reason to do, they drew the curtains around the bed, and left her there while Mason hurriedly prepared Dorcas for the frightful comedy which ensued. Her preparations roused me from my stupefied sorrow, but I entered into them eagerly. It seemed right to me then, or I forced myself to believe it was right, to endeavor to fulfil her wishes by any means we could. I did not think of the risk we ran, the punishment which would be ours if the fraud were discovered; I thought only that I should have my revenge and that justice would be done, and her wishes carried out.

"I can see the room now," the girl went on wildly, putting her hands up to her eyes as if she would shut out some hideous vision. "The lights were so dim that I think even Mr. Clark himself, had he come, would have been deceived; but Mr. Holt had never seen Mrs. Hamilton, so there was no danger of discovery from him. Dorcas was propped up with pillows, but Mason had shrouded her with lace to conceal her face as much as possible, and she signed—Dorcas Fane signed the will which robbed you!"

Her voice had fallen almost to an inaudible whisper as she spoke these last words, but they sounded quite distinctly in the utter stillness of the room; and when she had ceased to speak, it seemed as if the silence which preceded had been noise, so intense was the stillness which followed.

It was Geoffrey Hamilton who held her fate, and Dorcas Fane's, in his hand; it was he who could punish or avenge; and yet it was not on him that her eyes rested, as she ended her terrible confession.

She looked at Alick with great sorrow—a great contrition—in her glance. Would he think less bitterly of her sin now?

Would he despise her so thoroughly now that he knew all the sad truth of what she had done and why she had done it? As if her look, pleading, shame-stricken, sorrowful though it was, exercised some magnetic influence over the young lawyer, he lifted his head, and looked towards her.

At the look in his eyes, as they met hers—a look of unutterable pity and tenderest love—the girl's head sank suddenly forward, and she hid her face. Her martyrdom seem over now, she had gone through it to the end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the light of eternity we shall see that what we desire would have been fatal to us, and that what we would have avoided was essential to our well-being.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is, never to allow your energies to stagnate.

GRASS AND ROSES.

BY J. P. CLARKE.

I looked where the roses were blowing,
They stood among grasses and reeds;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered:
"We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses' garden,—
But our Master gives us this room.

"We have fed His humblest creatures,
We have served him truly and long;
He gave no grace to our features,
We have neither color nor song.

"Yet He who has made the roses
Placed us on the self-same sod;
He knows our reason for being—
We are grass in the garden of God."

EDGED TOOLS.

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

WITH swift scrutiny he scanned the moonlit drive, but she was not there. Soon, however, his eye was caught by the glimmer of something white among the trees bordering the walk leading down to the pond, and without a moment's hesitation he stepped through the French window, down the low flight of steps, and strode quickly in the same direction.

The crunching of his feet upon the gravel behind her caused her to turn, and as she saw him she said with an amused laugh—

"What! Couldn't you stand it either?"

"Stand what?" he asked.

"Why, they told me that Mr. Londoun was going to recite, and that's why I came away," she answered, with quiet confidence in the excellence of her reason.

"Is that the unpardonable sin in your estimation?" he asked, with a slight smile.

"Yes," she said, with mild severity; "I think that all young people who recite should be 'imprisoned without the option of a fine!'"

For a few moments he said nothing; then, as though impelled by some sudden impulse, he looked full in her eyes and said quietly:

"No, that wasn't why I came away. I came—shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, if you like," she answered indifferently, turning away her head and plucking a dew-bespangled laurel leaf.

"I think that I do like. I went because you had gone before me."

"I suppose I ought to feel flattered," she said, with a light laugh. "Especially since this is the first time we have met, and I may be the most intolerable bore in the world for aught you know."

As this obviously needed no answer, he did not vouchsafe any.

By now they had reached the edge of the pond, and were standing on a little bridge crossing a stream which issued from its northern end.

It was always picturesque, this quaint round pond with its border of stiff Scotch fir and feathery larches, and its little shrub-covered island in the centre; but that night there was a weirdness, a witchery about the scene such as the moon always seems to cast over everything she lights, and, as though under a spell, it was some minutes before either of them spoke.

"I've never seen it so beautiful as it is to-night," he said at length.

"Do you come here often, then?" she said quickly, with the faintest tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"Yes; I come here pretty often after dinner. But to-night it wears a new face; it seems as though the sirens had been here and left their influence behind. And look," he added, pointing suddenly to the water at her feet, "there is one who has lingered longer than the rest."

And she, looking down half involuntarily, saw a pale reflection of herself in the quiet shimmering moonlit pond.

"Let us go in," she said abruptly.

And so in perfect silence, she leading the way, they went back to the house; and as she was about to enter the front door he said quietly, holding out his hand:

"Good-night; I shall not come back into the drawing-room."

She laid her hand in his for a moment, and as she did so the laurel-leaf she had plucked on the way down fell fluttering to the ground.

She, without a word, passed within the house; but he, stooping down, picked up the leaf, and, pulling out his pocketbook, put it carefully in the centre with a smile which only the moonlight saw.

The whole of the following day Murray Wentworth was out fishing, and consequently did not appear upon the scene at all till dinner-time.

Cecil, as usual, did not enter the drawing-room till the last moment, and before she had time to interchange a word with any one, she saw Wentworth bearing off Miss Canning to the dining-room, whither she followed immediately afterwards under the escort of Mr. Londoun.

She had only one pleasurable sensation as she sank into her appointed chair, and that was a feeling of relief that at least she would not have to talk; for her companion was so enamored of the sound of his own voice, that he cared for naught else besides.

Murray Wentworth and Miss Canning were just opposite; he bowed to her across the table, dodging the intervening mass of flowers, and that was the only sign he gave through dinner of his remembrance of her existence, so engrossed was he with Miss Canning.

Cecil was desperately bored, and Mr. Londoun, enchanted to find such an admirable listener, discoursed unceasingly, gesticulating himself into knots the while, about wings, and flies, and supers, and slips, and drops, and cloths, till if she had been listening her brain would have been in a whirl; and finally she left the table with a confused mental picture of all the London managers on their knees before the pale but obdurate Mr. Londoun, waving away gently but firmly their outstretched hands, each of which bore a written offer of an engagement at 100 a week.

"Of all detestable kinds of young men—and Heaven knows there are enough of them—the acting young man is the most detestable," she said to herself, as with a sigh of inexpressible relief she threw herself on to a sofa in the back drawing-room and held out her arm for the ever-faithful Frances to stroke, an operation which appeared to afford her much mysterious enjoyment; and there, screened from the rest of the world, she lay for the remainder of the evening, pleading a headache as her excuse in answer to all remonstrances.

From where she lay she could see all that went on in the drawing-room; and though Murray Wentworth gave a swift scrutinizing glance round the room on intering, yet as he immediately afterwards approached Millicent and remained talking to her for the rest of the evening, Cecil concluded that she was the object of his search, and she felt a little pang of disappointment.

Next morning, while most of the household with peculiarly English energy were playing tennis in the broiling sun, and Miss Canning and Mrs. Brandon were writing letters in the morning-room, Cecil, who had a holy horror of tennis at any time, but especially in the morning, and had no letters to write, conceived a longing for solitude and literature, and so betook herself to the library, where that combination was most easily to be found.

In this curious omnium gatherum of books new and old there was one shelf for which she had a peculiar affection, that devoted to Richardson's Novels; and soon, seated on top of the library steps, she was deep in the pages of 'Pamela,' swimming, in fact, in the tears which those old-world heroes and heroines shed so plentifully; while the sun, pouring in through the mullioned windows, fell full on her bent head and its clustering golden hair silhouetted against the dark background of well-worn books.

So absorbed was she that she did not hear the door open, nor a quiet tread across the Persian carpet—nothing, in fact, outside her imaginary Richardsonian world, till a voice from the depths, as it seemed to her in her superior altitude, said:

"You seem greatly absorbed. What are you reading?"

And she looked down to s Murray Wentworth looking up at her with a smile, and the start that she gave sent 'Pamela' flying from her lap to the floor; and while he was engaged in picking it up, the color which had flown in a moment to her face had time to vanish again, and with her usual composure, and even a little coldness, she said, as he handed her the volatile volume:

"Thank you. I will try not to let it 'break from me' again. As to your question, 'Pamela' has answered it very efficiently herself."

And she prepared to descend the steps slowly.

"Why are you coming down?" he asked, anxiously. "I am afraid I have disturbed you most unwarrantably; but there is really no reason why you shouldn't go on with your reading just as though I'd never appeared."

"If you will kindly allow me," she said drily, "I should like to consider to some extent the exigencies of the human frame; and as I've already got cramp very badly in both legs, I should prefer to come down."

"Oh, by all means," he said, laughing. "I had no idea you were suffering so much. May I help you?" he added, holding out his hand.

But he was too late; for she jumped to the ground with an alacrity which was astonishing considering the nature of her ailment.

Without vouchsafing any further remark she was proceeding towards the door, when he quickly stepped before her and, turning round, confronted her with his hand upon the handle.

"Where are you going?" he asked quickly.

"I'm going to watch the tennis," she replied, sedately; but there was a little smile dancing in her eyes.

"What a delicious occupation!" he said, still with his back to the door. "Nevertheless, in spite of its attractions, you're not going to do anything of the kind."

She looked up with quick surprise; but something in his face made her drop her eyes, while the color rushed to her face again.

"And may I ask who will prevent me?" she said coldly, though her ' thing grew suddenly short and quick.

"I will," he answered quietly.

At this direct challenge her self-possession returned, and she looked him full in the face for a moment, saying with a sarcastic shrug of her shoulders:

"Oh! if it comes to brute force, I give in."

"It won't come to that," he answered imperturbably. "Moral force will be quite sufficient."

In spite of herself she felt a conviction rise within her that he was right, and a desperate longing to resist this man's superior strength and gradually growing influence filled her heart.

"You are the first man who has ever dared thwart me," she said, a little unsteadily.

"Then hitherto you have been fortunate in the men you have met," he answered, apparently stating a fact; but there was a little ring of challenging scepticism in his voice.

And she, impelled by some unknown force, raised her eyes once more.

And for a moment she stood facing him, as though measuring her strength against his; and then, still at the command of this strange force, she said slowly:

"I am not quite sure."

At her words his mood seemed suddenly to change, and turning round he opened the door wide, saying, with a new reserve in his voice:

"You are right to complain of my audacity. I must be mad to try and control your actions; and see—the door is open!" he added, with a smile.

For fully three minutes he stood there with the handle of the door in his hand, while the only sounds that broke the stillness were the voices of the players in excited dispute as they floated in through the open window; for she, so eager to be gone a moment before, made no effort to avail herself of her opportunity, but with the color coming and going in her cheek she stood playing with a paper-knife on the centre table.

She knew that she ought to go, but still she could not; for a strange new sensation was throbbing at her heart, sending the blood leaping through her veins; and before her eyes there was a mist, so that she could not see her way even if she would.

And he, watching her the while, finally closed the door and went quietly towards her.

"I am afraid you are angry with me," he said gently. "Please forgive me. I didn't mean to annoy you."

She did not answer, only turned away her head.

"Won't you forgive me?" he went on, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"You took away my liberty," she said in a low voice, tremulous with a strange excitement. "Can one ever forget that?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "for it makes one realize in some degree the suffering of a hopeless slave."

And the eyes bent so persistently on her averted face were full of meaning.

"Then I forgive you," she said, suddenly facing him, and holding out her hand. "Come—shall we be friends once more?" she added, looking up at him with a smile in which there was something of defiance.

He did not answer, but taking her hand in his, stooped low, and would have kissed it, but a voice in the hall calling "Cecil, where are you?" made them start suddenly apart like two detected criminals, and the next moment, while Cecil was sauntering carelessly towards the window, and Wentworth was carefully engaged in putting 'Pamela' back upside down into the wrong shelf, the door opened, and Millicent appeared, flushed and out of breath, exclaiming:

"Cecil, you said you were coming out—do come, it's such fun. Miss Broadhurst serves nothing but faults, and Mr. Franks will say they're all right. Do come and protect the sacred cause of truth and—Why, Mr. Wentworth," she cried, stopping short as she saw him standing on the lowest step of the ladder, "I thought you had gone out fishing?"

"I started," he answered, stepping down on the floor with his hands in his pockets; "but I remembered just after I had got across the Park that I had some letters to write which must go by this morning's post."

"How very annoying," she answered; and in spite of herself there was a little sarcasm in her tone. "Well, at that rate I won't disturb you; but get back to my game."

And she was in the act of leaving the room when Cecil, addressing her for the first time, called after her:

"Wait a moment for me. I was just coming out when you arrived."

Millicent waited for her in the hall. Cecil walked slowly to the door, and as she passed, Wentworth, who stood leaning against the bookcase with one foot on the steps, said with a smile:

"At least I am not the only one guilty of disturbing you."

"No," she said, stopping with her back towards him and with her hand on the door, while she studied the pattern of the carpet at her feet, "but you were the first, and peace once disturbed is gone for ever."

And for all the lightness of her tone her lips trembled a little as she spoke. Then suddenly she looked back over her shoulder and said, with a mischievous laugh:

"But you see I am going to watch the tennis after all!"

And with that she left the room.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the week that followed Cecil saw but little of Murray Wentworth, since he was out shooting inoffensive partridges every day; and even on the nights when he took her into dinner she talked more to her left-handed neighbor than to him—such is the innate perversity of woman's nature.

But in spite of this the tone of intimacy which he had from the first adopted towards her remained unchanged.

All his best things were said especially for her benefit. If she by any chance perpetrated a sarcasm, instinctively her eyes sought his, as though sure of its being understood and appreciated; a kind of electric communication seemed in fact to have established itself between them, which was patent for all the world to see.

One morning at the beginning of the next week there came a slight variation in the monotony of their days.

Mr. Brandon, the only really keen sportsman among the men-kind, went off to shoot alone; for Mr. Londoun was in the agonies of last rehearsals, Mr. Franks had once ventured to make up his mind that he preferred the blandishments of his lady-love to shooting his fellow-sportsmen, and Murray Wentworth was overwhelmed with preparations for a political campaign he was about to undertake in the neighboring county.

Cecil Cartwright, full of an unusual thirst for communion with her friends, retired to her room shortly after breakfast to write letters, and soon, seated at her writing-table by the window looking out on the shaded lawn, she was deep in an epistle which bade fair to assume portentous dimensions.

But gradually her ideas seemed to flow less freely, her pen was refilled with less monotonous regularity, her eyes strayed oftener and oftener from the paper before her to the green lawn and the cool trees under whose shade the rest of the party were gathered together in various attitudes of lazy enjoyment.

They had been there all along, but not till now had they disturbed her peace.

Even Millicent's heated remonstrances against Mr. Frank's peculiar method of scoring in the single she was playing with him had not sufficed to disturb the even tenor of her correspondence.

But another chair had lately been added to the rest, and now a masculine voice gave tone and body to the woman's talk, and it was this new element apparently which proved so disturbing to her mind.

She became conscious too that it was hot and stuffy in the house, though to most unprejudiced people her room would have seemed refreshingly cool and airy; the grass seemed greener, the sky more azure, the protecting canopy of the trees more dense than they had ever seemed before.

Suddenly she thrust her unfinished letter into the blotting-paper, and catching a passing sight of herself in the long glass, she took up her sunshade and proceeded leisurely down the stairs and the hall, where she stopped a moment to bury her face in a great bowl of early chrysanthemums, and then out into the garden.

Millicent saw her first.

"Cecil, dear, take my place," she cried, springing to her feet.

"No, mine," cried Frances, doing likewise.

And Murray Wentworth said nothing, but stood quietly by the chair he had vacated, and with a smile of thanks she accepted his silent offer.

"I suppose you know," she said, as she settled herself comfortably in her seat, while Wentworth stretched himself on the grass beside her, "that I have come out entirely against my will? The noise you good people have been making out here made letters an impossibility."

"I'm very glad of it," said Mrs. Brandon promptly. "I wish we'd made more noise, and then perhaps you'd have come out sooner."

"It's all very well, dear Mrs. Brandon," said Cecil, with much gravity; "but if you had the number of 'dearest friends' that I have, you wouldn't scoff at the exactions of my correspondence."

But as Cecil was a proverbially atrocious correspondent, her gravity only made the Brandons laugh.

"Hullo! here's a telegram for somebody," exclaimed Millicent, as the butler's stately form appeared bearing towards the group with the familiar brown envelope on a salver.

"Collins is an excellent creature," said Cecil, meditatively regarding the man's advancing figure. "It's such a pity he's got legs like a sickle!"—which poetical description of poor Collins' very slightly bowed legs made it very difficult for the others to keep their countenances on his approach.

"A telegram for you, sir," said the man, stopping before Murray Wentworth. "The boy is waiting to know if there's any answer."

Wentworth took the missive carelessly enough—it was probably only to say that the time of his first meeting was altered.

But no sooner had his eye glanced at its contents than he rose quickly to his feet, saying with a good deal of suppressed agitation:

"Yes, there is an answer. I will come in."

And followed in silence by the butler he walked rapidly towards the house.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid it is some bad news," said Mrs. Brandon as soon as they were out of earshot; "he looked very much upset."

And as she spoke she turned half involuntarily towards Cecil, who, as though unconscious of her surroundings, was still

watching the departing couple just now entering the front door, and the look of yearning anxiety on her face revealed as certain to her hostess something which she had only suspected hitherto.

"Cecil, dear," said Mrs. Brandon, rising and gently taking the girl's hand so as to recall her to herself, lest the others should see what she had seen, "will you come for a walk with me? I feel rather chilly."

Cecil, seeming suddenly to realize where she was, jumped up, and putting her arm in Mrs. Brandon's, the two sauntered off together in silence; and shortly afterwards the party left under the trees broke up, and the garden was totally deserted.

Luncheon was not such a lively meal as usual; for though Murray Wentworth was not there (he had gone out, leaving behind an explanatory message for Mrs. Brandon with the butler), the knowledge that misfortune had happened to any member of the party seemed to produce a sense of oppression in the rest.

Cecil did not talk much, and seemed relieved when it was over; a feeling which was probably intensified when the carriages came round to take the others to the garden-party, from which Cecil had begged to be excused, and when, soon after, the sound of their departing wheels told her she was left alone.

She stood a few moments on the steps where she had seen them all off, looking absently down the avenue, and then walked slowly into the hall, where she stopped again with her hand on the table, still lost in thought.

Suddenly she threw back her head with a gesture characteristic of her changing nature, as though dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, while her face resumed nearly all its usual serenity.

She walked quickly into the library, chose a volume of Browning from the shelves, and gently humming to herself she entered the hall again, took down her wide-brimmed garden hat from the stand, threw a light shawl over her arm, and stopping a moment to arrange her hat before the convenient hall looking-glass, she sauntered out into the garden.

Across the lawn she strolled, her soft white gown seeming to bring back the vanished summer into the charming autumn day, jumped the sunk fence with the light ease of an untrammelled figure, and made her way leisurely down the avenue of limes.

The light September wind whispered gently in the tops of the grand old trees, and with tender homage carpeted the grass before her feet with the first-fruits of Autumn's harvest.

And as she walked along amid the rustling leaves her former mood returned upon her, for the times seemed full of past sweetness, coming loss; and it was with the old thoughtful expression that she emerged from the shade of the trees, turned to the left and opened a gate leading to the road, then crossed the road to another gate opening into a field in the centre of which was a little hill planted with trees, which was her favorite haunt and her destination that afternoon.

The grass was dry, for there had been no rain for weeks; and so it was with no extraordinary imprudence that she seated herself at the foot of a stately fir and fell to reading "Abt Vogler."

It was one of her favorite bits of Browning; its healthy, manly optimism inspirited her.

For in spite of her love of admiration and her other frivolous tendencies, she had a fund of feeling and appreciation, of the depth of which few, if any, of her friends were aware.

She had had life too much her own way for the development of her finer qualities.

Hitherto all she had wanted she had had—and that is the worst possible training for the character.

But there are some who in spite of the drawbacks of prosperity seem to preserve a secret standard of right for which it is difficult to account on any logical grounds.

Yet, when we come to analyze it, it seems to be only the faculty of reverence, the power of appreciation which gives to them a rule of life—for to be able to admire is the first step towards imitation.

And Cecil had an honest admiration for all things which are "pure and lovely and of good report;" and though she often fell below it, she had a certain standard of her own.

And so when she was dispirited and conscious most of failure it comforted her to read.

But in a moment of time her new-found peace was wrecked; for a man had just opened the gate at the bottom of the field, and was walking quickly towards her, and she was conscious of nothing in the world but the existence of just his soul—and hers.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, as he climbed the little hill to her side. "May I stay with you a little bit?"

"Why, yes," she answered, turning away her head so that he might not see the light in her eyes. "I have no legal monopoly of this field" (with a slight emphasis on legal).

"Which means," he said, with a smile, "that you have the right of custom and tradition, and that practically I am a trespasser. Well—I can't help it; I must be content to be mentally prosecuted by you, for I am tired of solitude, and I want to talk. Do you know that I've walked ten miles since I saw you last—and all by myself, too?"

"What a pity you didn't take Mr. Franks with you," said Cecil gravely, turning her eyes to his.

The next moment they were both laughing, and thus her restaint wore off, for there is nothing so productive of intimacy as a common object of ridicule.

"Tell me—what are you reading?" he asked, as he stood leaning against the trunk of a tree, looking down upon her. "Your nature is sufficiently artistic for you to suit your reading to the weather; consequently it is something restful and peaceful, I expect."

"Yes," she answered reflectively, "it is something restful; but I don't think the weather had much to do with my choice, which was far more spiritual than physical. I was reading "Abt Vogler." Don't gather from that that I'm a Brownieite—I don't aspire so high!"

"Heaven forbid that you should!" he answered fervently. "I have far too much veneration for Browning to care to see him insulted by abject and indiscriminate worship. But tell me," he added, suddenly bending down so as to see her face, "why did you need 'Abt Vogler' this afternoon? What has disturbed your peace so that you need soothing?"

"I don't know," she answered in a low voice, looking straight before her. "May not one feel restless without knowing the reason why?"

"Oh, yes, one may, of course; there is no law against it. But I don't think it often happens; one is generally conscious of the causes, both physical and moral, of one's different moods."

"Well, and supposing I do know the cause—what then?"

"Why, then I should like you to tell it to me—that is all."

"Are you my father-confessor?" she asked a little bitterly.

"I don't aspire so high!—but I am your friend, and I don't like you to be disturbed. Tell me," he went on with strange persistency, while his voice sank a little—"tell me . . . what it was."

His voice was full of magnetism, and she felt her soul going out to him against her will. Will! She had no will left; she was paralyzed by his presence and his influence, and she must speak at his bidding.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said, in a curious even voice, which sounded to her ears far away. "I was disturbed because you were in trouble. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

"But why did that disturb you?" he said, bending lower. "Were you very sorry?"

She got up slowly and stood facing him, involuntarily; for she could not help herself.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I was very sorry."

"Why were you very sorry?" he said, coming near to her and looking in her eyes.

She made no answer.

"Why were you sorry?" he repeated, his voice sinking to a whisper; and then in another moment his arms were round her and she was lying on his breast, his lips on hers.

"Tell me," he whispered, while he held her close. Still she did not answer; only lay still in his arms with closed eyes. "Tell me," he whispered again—"tell me . . . Cecil."

Then she opened her eyes full, and the strength of passion in their depths sent a great thrill leaping through his veins.

"Because I love you with all my heart and soul," she said, with very low intensity.

And again his arms enfolded her closely, and again his lips met hers.

Suddenly she tore herself away from him, and, pressing her hands to her eyes, she cried like some creature in pain.

"Ah! what have you done to me! What have I said! No!"—as he made a step towards her—"don't touch me, please! I would like to be alone. Won't you leave me now?"

For a moment he stood irresolute, his face a study of conflicting emotions. Finally one among them seemed to gain the upper hand; the light suddenly vanished from his eyes, his mouth grew hard and set; and turning on his heel, he left her leaning against a tree, white and dazed and trembling, still with her head on her hands.

For some minutes she remained as he had left her, till the click of the gate told that he was out of sight.

Then she lifted her head and looked straight before her with a curious unseeing look.

And though at the time she realized nothing of what she saw with her bodily eyes, yet afterwards, when she reverted to the scene in thought, every detail of the quiet landscape stood out vividly before her—the little stream winding along at the bottom of the field, the munching cows and the old white horse in the field beyond, across to the rounded, wooded Midland hills.

It is so in all great crises of human life; the material shares equally with the spiritual, and we cannot cheat it, try how we will.

There was an expression in her face as of one who had received a blow; an expression too, of loss.

Something seemed to have gone from her, taking with it her old imperious look and the confident light in her eyes, leaving behind it something pitiful, something suggestive of surrender and newly-discovered weakness.

How long she stood there she never knew. Time has no being when all the faculties are gathered to one point—the clock measures existence, not life.

At length a little shiver passed over her, and she seemed to come to herself. Looking down, she saw Browning lying open at her feet; she stooped down and took the book up in her hand.

It was open at the same passage she had been reading years before, as it seemed to her; and as her eyes fell on the familiar words her lips grew tremulous, her eyes filled, and the next moment she threw herself down on the ground in a passion of tears.

She did not stir again till the slanting rays of the sun and the long shadows of the firs told her that the day was coming to an end.

Slowly she rose to her feet, and made her way stumblingly down the little hill and across the field, till she came within sight of the house.

Something in its look of cheerful serenity seemed to repel her; and instead of turning down the avenue she walked away in the direction of the pond, and it was nearly dark when she at last turned her face in the direction of home.

She was almost too tired to feel anything very acutely, but she was vaguely conscious of a wish, as she turned the handle of the front door, that she might not meet any one on her way to her room.

But as she advanced into the hall she saw by the light of the eastern lamp which swung from the ceiling that Mrs. Brandon was standing by the table, and she knew that there was no possibility of escape. At the soft frou-frou of her dress Mrs. Brandon looked up and could hardly repress a cry at the sight of her expression of weariness and dejection; but her tact stood her in good stead on this as on all occasions.

"Cecil, darling," she said gently, "I'm afraid you will have caught cold. I don't like the thought of your being out so late as this; but it is such a lovely evening that I don't wonder at your being tempted. Don't come down to dinner to-night—you look tired."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Brandon," said Cecil quietly, turning away her head to hide the traces of her recent tears. "If you really don't mind, I think I won't come down. I am tired."

"By the way, dear," said Mrs. Brandon, "I have something to tell you from Mr. Wentworth; he has just gone to London, and——"

"Mr. Wentworth has just gone to London!" said Cecil, stopping with her hand on the banisters, and repeating the words after her with dull iteration. "Why—what do you mean? . . . He . . . Oh, you mean he has just gone for the night, and returns to-morrow?"

And she turned her eyes, full of agonized questioning, on her friend.

Mrs. Brandon bit her lip and turned away, a sharp sense of pain sending the tears to her eyes.

"No, dear," she said gently, "he will not come back; he has gone to the death-bed of a great friend—Frank Howard. He told me to tell you the name, because he said you would know it."

Cecil leant heavily against the banisters, and her face looked suddenly old and haggard.

"What name did you say?" she asked, in a dazed, stupid voice. "I didn't quite catch it . . . Frank—something or other . . . I think it was?"

"Frank Howard," repeated Mrs. Brandon.

". . . You said something about a death-bed," she said presently, as though trying to recollect. "Is Frank Howard dying?"

"Yes, dear. Mr. Wentworth was telegraphed for this morning. He waited till the night-mail, because all the afternoon trains are so slow. Mr. Howard hasn't forty-eight hours to live. It is all very sad. He seems to have been leading a life of excess for some time past, owing to some great love disappointment!"

There was a painful silence, broken only by the ticking of the hall clock.

"Thank you," said Cecil at length, once more turning towards the stairs. ". . . I understand now."

(And to the end of time Mrs. Brandon never knew all the meaning in these three words).

"Why do you cry, dear?" she asked, as she looked round and saw the tears coursing down Mrs. Brandon's cheeks. "I know him very well—once—and I am sorry—that is all;" and, disengaging herself gently from her friend's detaining hand, she went slowly and heavily upstairs into her own room, whence she did not appear again that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIETY DIALOGUES.—Scene: At an afternoon tea.

"Ah, good-morning!" said she. "How do you do?"

"Thanks! Oh! ah! So glad to see you this morning," said he.

"Charming day!"

"Delightful. You are looking lovely!"

"Ah, thanks, awfully. Didn't I meet you yesterday at Mrs. Black'e?"

"How kind of you to remember," said he. (He wasn't there.) "I heard a pretty compliment paid you at Mrs. X's. Charming place that, isn't it?"

"Exquisite," said she. (She was never there.) "Do tell me what you heard?"

In another corner, later—

"What a delightful man that Mr. Robinson is," said she to a friend.

"Why, that isn't Robinson; that's Jones."

In another corner, about the same time—

"Isn't that Miss Brown lovely?" said he to a friend.

"That isn't Miss Brown; that's Miss Smith."

Scientific and Useful.

GREASE.—Gasoline is an excellent solvent of grease or paint. Another and a good and popular one, is made of equal parts of aqua-ammonia, alcohol and spirits of turpentine.

FUMIGATING BOOKS.—The Sheffield Free Library has adopted the plan of fumigating the books. They are exposed for fifteen minutes to the fumes of carbolic acid at a temperature of from 150° to 200°.

HAT-BANDS.—A doctor took a black japanned hat-band worn by a patient suffering from headache, and found it contained three ounces of one of the lead salts. From this case he concludes that many headaches are due to the absorption of the lead in the hat-band.

SHOE SOLES.—A Nuremburg inventor has produced a shoe sole composed of wire net overlaid with a substance resembling india-rubber. These soles which cost but half the price of leather, have been tested in the German army, and found to be twice as durable.

A NEW NAIL.—A new double-pointed nail is the invention of an ingenious woman. The points turn in opposite directions. They are especially useful for invisible nailing in wood-work. It is simply two nails joined firmly, the sides of the heads being placed together.

DRILLING GLASS.—In drilling glass, stick a piece of stiff clay or putty on the part where you wish to make the hole. Make a hole in the putty the size you want the hole, reaching to the glass, of course. Into this hole pour a little molten lead, when, unless it is very thick glass, the piece will immediately drop out.

TOYS.—Infants' toys should be systematically cleaned. The child bedavers the implement several times a day, and leaves saliva in the rattle or whatever it may be, as a culture bed of bacteria. This condition of things goes on till the boy is a magazine of animal poison to contaminate and recontaminate the innocent victim of thoughtless inattention.

DRAWING BY FIRE.—A process has been perfected and patented for drawing upon wood by means of a fine metallic point kept red hot so that the lines are actually burned into the surface. A powerful oxy-hydrogen, or rather flame, keeps the point always at a high temperature, and yet the apparatus is so compact that it may be used with the ease and freedom of a pencil. It is, moreover, so adjusted as to produce at will all shades of brown, from the lightest shade to that verging on black.

Farm and Garden.

SMALL FRUIT.—Where a piece of land is to be laid out in the fall for autumn planting of small fruits it should be plowed now and kept constantly cultivated, so as to kill out all grass and weeds. It will save labor next spring.

THE WOOD.—Attention must be given the wood of the tub or firkin in which the butter is packed, as the odor may contaminate and thus spoil the butter. The firkin should be very clean. Rancid butter may often be traced to firkins not properly adapted for holding butter.

SALT.—Allow the stock free access to salt at this season, as it assists in counteracting the effects of a grass diet. Should scours appear keep the stock shut up for a day or two and give each animal a warm bran mash. Salt is necessary at all seasons but more particularly in summer.

FENCING.—A very cheap way to fence poultry from the garden is to stretch three No. 12 wires quite tightly, and then weave in common swamp willow, sharpening the ends and sticking them in the ground a couple of inches. This fence does not cost over six cents a rod and is very effective.

SMALL CHEESES.—One journal, opposing the popular clamor for small cheeses, reminds its readers that the smaller the cheese the larger the percentage of rind and waste. It is a serious objection to all small cheeses not only that they involve extra labor and waste, but that they do not cure as well as the large ones.

THE BEST.—A high authority says: Neither corn-meal nor bran is the best milk-producing food. With the best clover-hay corn meal should be added as a part of the ration, but with corn-fodder, straw or poor hay, good wheat bran should be added instead of corn meal. Bran will balance poor fodder much better than corn meal.

PIGEONS.—Pigeons will thrive in small yards if kept in lots of twelve or more, not exceeding twenty as a limit. They must be mated, however, as an extra male will cause them to quarrel. It has been demonstrated that a larger number of squabs can be produced in this manner than when the parent birds are given full liberty. The yards should be covered with wire mesh.

THE ARMY WORM.—The following recipe has been recommended as a sure death to that great enemy of the vineyard, the army worm: Spray with Paris green (which must be agitated continually to prevent settling), one pound to 150 gallons of water. If it is feared that live stock may get to the foliage, and thereby become poisoned, apply the same solution to cabbage leaves, which, if placed near the troubled vines, will attract the attention of cut worms and destroy them. Afterward these cabbage leaves may be picked up and destroyed. To apply the Paris green solution use any good spray pump.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1888.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 15 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 725 Sansom St.

False Lights.

Young people, sincere people, impulsive people and imaginative people have all a common danger—that of being led astray by false lights.

Of these false lights there are many kinds—some bewildering the intellect, others entangling the affections in hopeless morasses, others again misleading the sympathies, the imagination, the belief. But they all end in the same thing—mischief, mistake and a lost way.

To the young and the sincere—and the young are generally sincere up to a certain point—organized craft and falsehood are arts of which they do not know the formula, foreign languages whereof they do not understand the very alphabet. Appearances stand for realities, and words are not so much symbols as things-in-themselves.

They are able to tell their own little white lies and act their own little falsities, of a small and insignificant and for the most part transparent kind; but they do not apply their own rules to the grammar of their elders; and when those elders say so and so the younger believe them, and when they show such and such lights they follow them,—in many instances to the same result as those doomed ships which were deceived on the Cornish coast, such time as that, let us hope legendary parson, sent his hobbled horse on the cliffs in a fog, with a lantern fastened to his fore feet, to simulate the plunging of a ship in the sea. Then said the sailing masters of those doomed and predestined ships, "Where one vessel can go another may"—and so ploughed their way straight on to the rocks and into the hands of death and the wreckers.

So is it with certain false lights held out to the unwary and ignorant.

The influence which knowledge of the world has over the young is immense. They are conscious of a wide library of living learning of which they are at present ignorant: and they credit the experienced with almost supernatural powers of discernment.

We are often led astray by these conditions, people, influences and circumstances, but there are false lights, too, which are false opinions and false philosophies, mainly born of discontent and egotism. That a certain philosopher has much to say for his gloomy views of the individual life, founded as it is by imbecility to begin with and death to end all, is a fact which no one would be rash enough to dispute. It is one side of the shield; and this side is as true as the other.

But when we come to young men of overweening vanity, more ambition than power, and of supreme contempt for their fellows born of egotism and self conceit—when we come to them, railing at progress, science, change, public taste, public feeling, and all that marks the present moment—finding all bad and barren, distorted and worthless, then we have a right to resent and deny.

The majority are not below the standard of that neck-craning minority of one. Every other man is not a helot to sin and ugliness—to ignorance and false views—and he the only one free of his own soul and mind.

This, these flashing æsthetes, proud of themselves and discontented with all else, do not see and will not understand. Hence they flicker their false lights in the eyes of the world; and a few of the younger and less experienced believe in them and follow after the shine—which leads to eventual shipwreck.

This kind of false and artificial discontent is popular to-day. Great names head the vanguard of the universal grumblers; and the smiling, healthy-minded and happily-constituted optimist, who takes life as it comes—the rough with the smooth, and thinks the smooth the larger portion—enjoying the sunshine and sheltering from the rain, or if need be facing the wind and the uphill walk with a stout heart nor too many complaints—is looked on as but an earthly kind of being not attuned to those finer harmonies whereby chins grow long, cheeks pale, and eyes downcast and languid.

The false light of affectation, mental or personal, follows us all through our modern life, as it has always followed civilization.

If we halt and let it lead us, we are lost. If we keep it well behind us, and look ever with steadfast eyes to the realities of things and the sincerities of life, we shall do well and gain no harm.

If we can preserve our souls from the sorrow to come on us only too surely from believing in the false lights held out by others, blessed are we.

This is not given to us all; and some of us carry to our graves the scars left by the burns made when we grasped the flaming pitch-brand that we took to be a star towards which we stretched our hands in worship.

The highways of life are strewn with the dead joys of those out of whom all love and happiness have been burned. The seas of life carry the burdens of the wrecks made by these false lights hung out on the rocks.

The young have lost the charm of youth, and the aged have never been young; all because of these fatal lights, which assumed to show a path and did not. But this, too, is one of the things where each soul demands to make its own experience, and one burnt wing is never suffered to redeem another.

No occupation is low if it be consistent with what is just and honest. We are all, every one of us, living by ministering, in some way or other, to each other's necessities and comforts. The whole world is but a great shop in which all are sellers and buyers in turn, and in which each is expected to do something useful for the general well-being of the concern. Honor and shame, as Pope has observed, arise from no particular condition in life; true merit consists in the correct performance of our part, whatever that may chance to be.

Children should be taught as early as possible the working of the law of consequences. Who breaks pays. Do such and such a thing, and a certain consequence must follow. That is the way in which we children of a larger growth recognize that God rules His universe; and the earlier we can point it out the better. It is far more effectual, because more reasonable, than the ordinary arbitrary teaching of what is right and what is wrong.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which both money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, so many which we ought not to hear, so very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to his or her pleasure.

Youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.

A man has advanced far in the study of morals who has mastered the difference between pride and vanity. The first is lofty, calm, immovable; the second is uncertain, capricious, unquiet. The one adds to a man's stature; the other puffs him out. The one is the source of a thousand virtues; the other is that of nearly all vices and all perversities.

Recreation is to the mind what whetting is to the scythe. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his seed starve; as, on the contrary, he who always works and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting—laboring much to little purpose.

It is the nature of strife to breed envy, indifference and malice. Each of the multitude, in his anxiety to be first at the goal, pushes his competitors aside. It is only the good Samaritan who crosses to the other side to lift up and bind the wounds of the unfortunate contestant who has fallen by the way, worsted in the race.

The young and the middle aged are frequently filled with discontent and rail against life; but seldom is this the case with those who are full of years and the wisdom of age. They have been so long endowed with life, and it has taught and is teaching them so many lessons, that they cannot complain of it, still less condemn.

The art of happiness is to extract the good wherever it may be found, to make it prominent and keep it uppermost in the mind, to emphasize every blessing, to welcome every joy, and to take delight in witnessing the happiness of others and in adding to it wherever it is possible.

All weighty things are done in solitude, that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, or in any violent designs, for these cool, and cool very soon, but in patient practicing for whole long days, by which I make the thing clear to my highest reason.

No wringing of the hands and knocking the breast, or wishing one's self unborn; all which are but the ceremonies of sorrow, the pomp and ostentation of an effeminate grief, which speak not so much the greatness of the misery as the smallness of the mind.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven.

To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest, a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, suffering is requisite.

Virtue consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation.

To pursue joy is to lose it. The only way to get it is to follow steadily the path of duty, without thinking of joy, and then, like sleep, it comes most surely unsought.

Planets govern not the soul nor guide the destinies of men, but trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.

Determine with yourself to employ a certain stated time, in order to acquire the virtue to which you are least disposed.

Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

The World's Happenings.

A drunken man arrested in Reading had $172 in his pockets.

Alarms of fire are given at Nogales, A. T., by the shooting of small arms.

McGregory, Ia., has a young ladies' boat club, duly officered and uniformed.

California papers are boasting of strawberries 8 and 9 inches in circumference.

Beginning next New Year's day all executions in New York State will be by electricity.

The house in which General Grant was born is now on exhibition under canvas in Cincinnati.

Forty years ago much of the silver change in this country was of Spanish and Mexican coinage.

The question of introducing culinary instruction into the public schools of Chicago is being agitated.

Miss Catharine T. Simonds has completed 50 years of service as a teacher in the Franklin School, Boston.

If all the land was leveled into the sea the water would flow over the entire globe with an average depth of one mile.

A frock coat is never called a Prince Albert in England. Shirt cuffs there are "wristbands," and undershirts are "vests."

Alexander Roshoff, a laboring man in Bridgeport, Conn., speaks Russian, German, Hungarian, Hebrew, Latin, English and Italian.

A woman in Indiana, now engaged in a law suit, said that she had been engaged to be married 28 times, and each time the man backed out.

An English officer estimates that there is more than $200,000,000 in gold and silver under the sea which could be reached by diving and good luck.

The Mikado of Japan has issued an edict against what he calls "the pernicious game of base ball, which foreigners are attempting to introduce into this country."

The depression of the times is severely felt by the English aristocracy. Many families once opulent are now glad to let their town residences in London to rich foreigners.

A letter in a regular "return request" envelope, mailed over four years ago in East Orange, N. J., has just been returned undelivered. It was addressed to New Haven, Conn.

"I feel as if I were on eagle's wings and am ready to go," said Mrs. Martha Roberts, a Sunday-school teacher, at a Level Creek, Ga., celebration the other day; and, sure enough, she did go—fell dead on the spot.

A brewer in Allegheny City, Pa., proposes to furnish ice cool beer to residences and places of business through a system of mains and service pipes, meters being introduced to determine the amount used, same as gas.

A new kind of strike occurred in a female seminary at Nashville, Tenn., where a class of young ladies indignantly struck against instruction from a text-book on history which recited the old story of Jefferson Davis' capture in female attire.

Mrs. Robert Milligan, of Bridgeport, Ga., gave birth to her 23th child on May 10. The mother is 48 years old and was married at 16 years of age. Her children include 3 sets of twins, and of the 23, 21 are living, the oldest being 32 years old. There are 9 grandchildren.

An Alabama farmer who was sentenced to work in the mines for 45 years for committing a murder, has become insane. After making an unsuccessful attempt to dash out his brains against the wall of his cell, he called for a Bible, and on receiving it, swallowed part of the New Testament leaf by leaf.

That popular summer sleeping spot—the house roof, in New York, is receiving advocates at Boston, and already one of them has tried it. But he personally doesn't now approve of such a location for sleeping. He rolled off to the ground, and miraculously, as the building was six stories high, escaped serious injury.

A few days ago a Mr. Conti, of Richmond, Va., noticed that his infant son was covered on the neck and arms with a number of red spots, and he subsequently discovered that the child had been bitten by a large spider. From that time the infant's limbs began to swell, and finally the little sufferer died in great agony.

There was passed in the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, recently, a resolution directing the sessions to prosecute, according to church discipline, members who advertise in Sunday newspapers. The Synod also confirmed a law requiring all members to give to the church one-tenth of their earnings.

Some few weeks ago an 80-year-old colored resident of West Chester, Pa., became acquainted with an assistant school principal 20 years his junior, living in Wilmington. It was a case of love at first sight, and now the couple are booked for an early marriage. As a present, the bride's acquaintances have clubbed together to give her a set of artificial teeth. The groom is reported to be well-fixed financially.

It takes all sorts of people to make up this world, and therefore there need be no wonder at the existence of Peter Zembreck, who when his brother William died in Brooklyn, the other day, at once made a ghoulish raid upon the latter's store. He tried to cart off everything, even to the awnings, proposing to leave the naked corpse for the city to bury, whereat William's neighbors, being aware of Peter's ill repute, stoned him till he left the vicinity of the store.

Sieving beach sand for valuables lost is an occupation followed at most of our watering-places, chiefly by youngsters. In Pekin, China, something like the same business gives employment to about 20 men during the winter months, and they are said to make a good living at it. The one difference is that the Celestials screen the street dirt. Their finds are for the coarser part the baser metals, but it is told that now and again pieces of gold and silver and sometimes precious stones are run across.

NOT LOST.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The songs we lose, you sang me,
May die on the air soft and low;
But the memory in listener and singer
Will vibrate between, when I go.

The flowers we watched in their blooming,
Will to us together ne'er again appear,
As in that dead summer's holy hours,
But their fragrance will always be near.

The songs and the flowers forever,
Will live in the home of each heart;
The songs and the flowers we'll cherish,
Though their music and beauty depart.

Some far-away time in the future,
When gone is life's winter and rain,
Through the gates of the Golden City
We will pass to part never again.

A Jewel of Price.

BY A. HAMELYN.

THE youngest of five sons holds a position which no amount of allusion to the case of Benjamin and others will rid of its obvious disadvantages.

When, as in my own case, are added certain physical and intellectual drawbacks, such as a stature of six feet four, and the most insignificant capacity for absorbing any sort of knowledge, how shall such a one complain if he is known and described as the failure of the family?

At least I could not deny the justice of the title, for here was I, Lawrence Yarborough, at the age of five-and-twenty, hardly able to earn my own bread, apparently existing for the sole purpose of fulfilling the prophecies of certain crusty old relatives, that "Larry would never do any good for himself."

But my chance came at last, although, as the crusty ones averred, it was by something like a miracle that it did come, in which view I am afraid even the most charitable reader will be disposed to concur.

Some months before the episode I am about to relate, I had been lucky enough to receive an offer to share chambers in the Temple with a friend of my own standing, named Hilton Bayley, a man who, having ample private means of his own, had joined the bar with a view to political rather than professional distinction. He was a clever fellow enough, and, with a large hereditary connection among solicitors of position, was seldom without work of one kind or another.

One bright cool morning towards the end of April, Hilton Bayley looked up from his newspaper, and said, "Larry, you remember that country case that Elmgood and Argill wanted me to go down to Sladbrook about? Now I don't like refusing business, but I am due in the north almost directly, and I really don't see my way to both. How would it do if I suggested your going in my place? You see I know old Elmwood intimately, or of course I could not think of proposing such a thing. What do you say?"

"Say!" I shouted. "What would a briefless beginner like myself be likely to say at the faintest chance of a job? But, my dear Hilton, you were asked to take this up because you are a clever chap, and all that, whereas I——"

"Nothing of the kind," he interrupted. "They only want some one with a little local knowledge. Now as you were born within sound of Sladbrook bells, it seems perfectly clear that you are the man."

I did not think it necessary to remind my friend that although I knew Sladbrook, Sladbrook also knew me—as the one failure of an otherwise fairly successful family.

It was several years since I left the place, and I felt that, even if my former reputation remained, here was a chance of earning a new one under the very eyes of the men who had in past days conferred upon me the unpleasant distinction.

However, the end of it was that I found myself that afternoon in the presence of good old Mr. Elmwood, listening to his slightly labored exposition of what certainly appeared to be a most simple case, and receiving my final instructions.

Arriving at Sladbrook, I met with an effusive reception from an old friend John Heavitree, of the Holly Bush Hotel, who insisted upon consigning me to one of his two best bedrooms, a delightful old oak-panelled room, fragrant with lavender and the scent of the spring flowers that were now at their brightest in the high-walled garden below.

"Pretty quiet, I suppose, at this time of year?" I asked carelessly, as we passed along the silent corridor.

"Yes, sir. There won't be much doing till the Assizes. Why, you'll hardly believe me, Mr. Lawrence, when I tell you that at this moment of speaking there's only one other visitor in the house,—a commercial gent—out most of his time too. By the way, sir, he's a bit free at scrapin' up acquaintance with other gentlemen, but it's only his way, so you won't mind, will you, sir?"

"Not I, John! I shall be only too glad of any one to talk to. What does the gentleman travel in?"

"Well, sir, not to put too fine a point upon it, it's buttons. He don't talk much about his own line, though. What he does like to get upon is jooiry! Give him a start on that, sir, and he'll rap out some of the curiousest yarns you ever heard. Beg pardon, sir, but there's some one at the bar."

I was not long in finding out that the case of "Hartley *vs.* Anscomb" showed signs of assuming a more complicated form than had been anticipated.

Each day brought some new development of the case, until at last nearly a fortnight had elapsed and it was impossible to see precisely what position it would be best for our side to take up in the forthcoming action.

One result of all this was that my small supply of cash had begun to run short, and I had been obliged to write to my eldest brother, Richard, telling him how I was situated, and asking for an advance until I should receive whatever was due from Elmwood and Argill. To this letter I had, to my great annoyance, received no reply, and in order to explain the non-payment of my second week's hotel bill, I mentioned the circumstances to old Heavitree, who at once laid himself out to persuade me that his best chance of real happiness lay in my keeping him waiting indefinitely for his money!

I had hitherto seen nothing of the commercial gentleman, whose hours and habits were evidently different to my own, and who had, as I understood, been making a round of the neighboring towns during the past few days.

This evening, however, after a long day of business, I had gone into the coffee-room believing it to be empty, and was skimming the *Times* while I waited for my humble chop, when from the far corner of the half-dusk room, a human voice said,

"Boompety — boompety — boompety — boompety," as if imitating the sound of a train in motion. Not conceiving that this rather unusual remark applied in any way to myself, I went on with my paper.

"Boompety—boompety—boompety" said the voice, getting up steam to about fifty miles an hour. I looked round. "Ahp" said the voice, in a tone which plainly added, "I thought I'd have you at last!" Then there rose and came towards me an odd little squat figure of a man, clean shaven, neatly dressed in dark clothes, a small black necktie, and carefully fitting boots, who said, "Fact is, sir, I've been obliged to give up the trap last few days, and take to the rail. Cob's gone wrong in the near forheel. And the sound of that blessed train is just madness when you in't used to it."

"Yes," I replied feebly, "I fancied you were thinking of—"

"Fancy! it's no fancy, I can tell you! Boompety—boompety—it's going in my head now, while I'm talking to you. But excuse me—are you the barrister that's stopping down here about that land case? Engaged for Squire Hartley up at Fernhill, aren't you? Ah! so I thought. Mr. Yarborough, eh? You'll excuse my intruding, but whether it's an archbishop or an organ-grinder, it's all one to me. My name's Stubbs, and I'm traveller for Stampanys, of Huxborough—that is to say, buttons. Wouldn't think it now, would you? Why I've given folks as many as a score of guesses, and then the've got no nearer than Argosy braces! Now, sir, you're a lawyer—what should you have put it at if I hadn't told you?"

"I certainly shouldn't have thought of buttons," I replied, evasively.

"No! There! what did I tell you?" said Mr. Stubbs. "Fact is, Mr. Yarborough, as a friend of mine said to me the other day, I've mistaken my vocation" (so Mr. Stubbs pronounced the word). "I ought to have been in jewelry and watches—that's what I ought to have been in!"

I involuntarily glanced at his waistcoat and fingers.

"No, no, sir. You wouldn't find me carrying 'em there. A greengrocer don't go about with a cauliflower in his buttonhole. Besides, I've got what my friend calls a theory about jewelry and such things. I don't hold with wearing it about the person. What I say is, collect it, same as pictures and china. Now I've been on the road close upon twenty years, and all that time I've never lost a chance of picking up anything I could afford to buy in the way of jewelry, and cetera. There's a repoossy silver mug up-stairs in my box that Benvenooto Sellamy wouldn't have been ashamed of. Are you fond of repoossy work, Mr. Yarborough?"

"I admire it particularly," I answered.

"That's right. Well, if you'll give me a look in presently, I'll show you one or two little bits that'll make you dream of Solomon in all his glory."

Just then the waiter brought in our respective dinners, and, rather to my relief, the stream of Mr. Stubbs's oratory was checked.

There was a children's dance at the Town Hall that night, and several parties of people were to sleep at the Holly Bush. The first of these arrived while I was still engaged upon my chop, and old Heavitree's voice was heard saying, "This is the coffee-room, miss," as a little girl's laughing grey eyes peeped through the glazed upper half of the door, and took stock of Stubbs and myself with a glance which seemed to say, "We don't mind looking at you because you can't possibly know us again without seeing the rest of the face to which we belong."

Then the eyes disappeared, and a pleasant looking middle-aged man stood at the door for a moment—probably the father of the grey eyes, I thought.

As I came back later on from an evening stroll by the river, a loud cough from a first-floor window called my attention to the square-shaped head of the vivacious Stubbs, who, in tones of brass, expressed his readiness to show me "those odds and ends of things" he had mentioned before dinner.

"I say, Mr. Yarborough," he gasped in a respectful whisper as I knocked and entered his room a moment later, "I don't know whether you're as fond of the young folk as I am, but there's a little lady about twelve years old, as I should judge, went down with her pa ten minutes ago in a white frock and—well, there!" concluded Mr. Stubbs, discreetly acknowledging his inability to do justice to the subject.

After this he betook himself to the unfolding of his treasures before my literally astonished eyes.

It was not their number or extent that was in any way remarkable, but the exquisite taste of every single article in the small collection.

Indeed it seemed almost beyond belief that this loud-voiced little gentleman of the road should have so acute a perception of the finer shades of beauty in the products of a comparatively little-studied art.

"There you are, sir!" he cried, as he ranged the last of a fairy-like set of Venetian filagree on the table. "What do you think of 'em?—for a man that ain't a millionaire, I mean, and has to tot up what he's got in his purse before he can look at anything!"

I expressed my genuine admiration, and told him I was bound to agree with his friend in thinking he had mistaken his vocation.

"Perhaps so, sir, perhaps so. But you see my father was in buttons—lived and died in 'em, as you may say—and always said he'd have me do the same. And so here I am. But now, Mr. Yarborough, I've got to show you what I call the gem of the lot."

And once more diving into his box, he produced a curiously stamped Spanish leather case, wrapped in many folds of washleather, and evidently, by his manner of handling it, the object of special affection.

Opening the case he took out a flat circular gold box, delicately engraved with figures of the seasons, Time with hour-glass and scythe, and other designs suggestive of the contents.

"That, Mr. Yarborough, is a watch. You mightn't have known it, but it is. And a unique one, too, as my friend says. Just come a little nearer the light, and I'll show you over it."

Anything like a minute description is impossible here, but I may mention that the gold box was merely the casket which held the treasure, and that the watch itself, with its silver face damascened in the quaintest arabesques of gold and platinum, the hours marked in tiny mosaics of jasper, and its back of palest lemon-tinted enamel inlaid with a star of brilliant flame-colored topaz, exercised a fascination upon my mind which I have no words to convey.

Mr. Stubbs was evidently pleased by my absorbed admiration and begged me to go on and feast my eyes while he "put the rest of 'em to bed."

Then he told me a few strange facts about the watch, and the romance of the little history, proof as it was against the narrator's homely style, seemed well in keeping with the fantastic beauty of the subject.

"I suppose you would find it hard to say what is the value of the watch?" I asked.

"Couldn't tell you, sir," replied Stubbs. "I gave forty pound, and three or four little bits, worth five or six pound apiece, for it; but then, as I told you just now, old Benali wanted money badly at the time for his daughter's wedding kit. What with one thing and another, I should guess that a man who could afford to wait, and choose his market, ought to see his way to a hundred and fifty guineas."

"A hundred and fifty guineas!" I repeated. "That seems a lot of money, doesn't it? Still, I don't doubt the watch is worth it. I have never seen anything that took my fancy so much."

"I dare say not, sir. Why, do you know, when I first showed it to my friend, he went straight home and churned out a lot of poetry about it. I've got it somewhere. Ah! here it is. This is the first verse:—

"'O thing of Beauty,
It is my duty
To put down here in Black and White,
The sort of feeling
Which is at present stealing
Across my Burning Breast to-night.'

But there's a lot of it, so perhaps you'd like to take it away with you and read it to yourself," added Mr. Stubbs, to my intense relief, for I felt that no mortal gravity could have survived the ordeal of another verse.

"Thank you, I will. Meanwhile I am very much obliged to you for the sight of all your beautiful things. As for the watch, I sha'n't be able to sleep for thinking of it. Good night. I am going below to have my last pipe."

"Good night, Mr. Yarborough. I shouldn't be surprised to find you making me an offer to-morrow morning," shouted the little man, through the half-closed door. "But it won't be any good, sir. That watch is what my friend calls a sort of tallyman to me, and I don't mean to part with it, come what will. Good night, sir."

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, a little white figure flashed into the hotel fly waiting outside, and the father of the merry grey eyes stood at the door giving some directions to old Heavitree.

I felt that I should like to have seen the rest of the little face, and almost wished that I had applied for a ticket of admission to the dance; but with the first few whiffs of my pipe the momentary regret was gone, and soon I was deep in the latest ramifications of "Hartley *vs.* Anscomb." Then to bed, with the blaze of those glorious jewels dancing before me, and the jingle of "my friend's" melodious verse running in my head:

"O thing of Beauty,
It is my duty," &c.

And so to sleep.

The next morning I was out and abroad before 7 o'clock, and returning at 8:30, I was rather surprised to observe that besides that table at which Stubbs usually sat, who was always an hour before me, another table had been occupied for breakfast.

"Jacob, who has been down already?" I asked of the old waiter.

"No. 10 and No. 11. Little girl and old gentleman, sir," replied Jacob (who was in his sixty-eighth year); "left by the 7.30, sir, for Lunnon. But haven't you heard nothing this morning, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No indeed, Jacob. What should I have heard?"

"Why, sir," said the old man, sinking his voice to a husky whisper, "there's been a larceny committed last night. Governor calls it a robbery, sir, but for the sake of the old house, I can't believe it's as bad as that."

"A robbery!" I repeated; "in this house, do you mean?"

"Ay, sir. If it had been any other house, 'twouldn't have signified like."

"But tell me about it, Jacob. Who's been robbed, and what of?"

"It's the commercial gent in No. 16, sir—Mr. Stubbs."

"What!" I exclaimed. "His collection of jewelry?"

"No, sir—that's where the artfulness of the thief—I should say him as done the larceny—come in, sir. He've only took a old-fashioned watch, though Mr. Stubbs do

say he'd rather all the rest had gone instead."

"That I can well believe. But, Jacob, I don't understand when the thing could have been done."

"Well, sir, it seems Mr. Stubbs was restless—whether it was the night was hot, or the youngsters a-comin' back from the dancin' disturbed him, I dunno—couldn't sleep, sir, not Mr. Stubbs couldn't; so about 12 or so o'clock he gets up and goes down and out by the side door into the garden, stays out half an hour or thereabouts, and comes in again. Didn't notice nothing wrong at the time, but next morning he finds the watch gone, case and all, just as he'd left it on the table."

"Where is Mr. Stubbs now?" I asked.

"Gone off to Hambrook to give notice to the police there. Our police is a-coming round to search the hotel directly, sir, and I'm in hopes they'll get a clue."

"Well I'm sure I hope they may.—Ah, Mr. Heavitree, good morning. This is a bad business that Jacob's been telling me about!"

"It is indeed, sir. But I'm still hopeful they may find it's no one to do with the house. And that brings me to what I was going to say, Mr. Lawrence, that is, you won't mind their having a poke into your room along with the others? Of course it's only *pro former*, as Inspector Bunting says to me just now; still it's got to be done."

"By all means," I replied. "I only wish I could do something to help, for I'm afraid it will pretty well break poor Mr. Stubbs's heart to lose that watch."

"Yes, sir, he do set a deal of store by it, don't he! And he's just like one daft this morning. He's an obstinate little gentleman too, for all his chatty ways, and I'll be bound he'll have all the law'll give him against whomsoever's found with that watch in his possession."

"Quite right, too," I replied heartily. "Meanwhile I'm sorry such a thing should have happened in your hotel, Heavitree, although I don't doubt the business is proof against anything of the kind."

"Well, I do think that too, Mr. Lawrence—but there's Mr. Bunting and his man. I must just go and see that everything's done regular."

A minute afterwards he re-entered the room with the inspector, saying, "Mr. Bunting says he knew your poor father very well in the old days, sir, and asked if I thought you'd mind his comin' in to say good morning."

"Very glad to make Mr. Bunting's acquaintance, I'm sure," I answered.

The inspector replied with a similar amenity, and after scrutinizing my face as if seeking to trace a family likeness, left the room on his unpleasant errand.

I had finished breakfast and was taking up my hat and stick to go into the town on business, when Jacob, who was apparently lurking in ambush for the purpose, stepped forward, and in a voice in which deference was skilfully blended with a stern sense of duty, informed me that, "while they're at it," he'd orders to see that no one left the house.

A few minutes, more or less, were of little consequence to me just then, and I was not sorry to be furnished with an excuse for a stroll in the garden with my pipe—a proceeding upon which old Jacob was about to put his veto until I pointed out to him that, there being no means of egress except through the house, the spirit of his instructions would not be violated. Jacob saw this at once, and excused himself on the ground that "Where there's larceny, you can't be too careful can you, Mr. Lawrence?"

As I passed under my bedroom window, I caught the words, "Lord! who'd ha' thought it! Well, well, all I can say is, it's a mercy his poor old father ain't alive to-day to know of this."

Wondering a little whether this referred to some discovery or suspicion bearing on the robbery, and if so, why Heavitree was discussing the matter in my room, I made my way to a favorite seat under an old mulberry tree at the foot of the garden, there to ruminate on poor Stubbs's loss, and the chances of the watch being found upon some stable-help or pot-boy about the place.

Then the reflection crossed my mind whether, if I had been a stranger in the place, what had passed in the little bagman's room the previous night would not have been enough to constitute very fair *prima facie* grounds of suspicion against myself!

I was half amusedly congratulating myself upon this further evidence of the advantage arising from an early connection with Sladbrook when Inspector Bunting suddenly appeared at the door of the house, and, without raising his voice, said—

"Mr. Yarborough, could I see you inside for a moment, if you please?"

What did this mean? Could the inspector be going to ask for a professional opinion in the matter of the "larceny," or was I to be retained as counsel for the prosecution? However, the *rôle* assigned to me very speedily became apparent when, on following the officer into the smoking-room, I was then and there informed that he held a warrant for my arrest on a charge of stealing a watch valued at one hundred and fifty guineas from the room, No. 16, occupied by Mr. Albert Stubbs; that as I was a lawyer it would perhaps be hardly necessary for him to administer the usual caution (which, however, he proceeded to do), and that it was his duty to take me at once before the magistrates, who, as it happened, were at that moment sitting in the Petty Sessions House at the other end of the town.

That very considerable majority of people whose experience has not included arrest on a criminal charge of which they are innocent, would find it as impossible to imagine my feelings as it would be futile on my part to attempt to describe them; and I shall therefore adhere to a simple narrative of what followed.

Having despatched a note to Mr. Roland, the local solicitor, to whom I had been accredited, I stepped into the hotel fly with Mr. Bunting and was conveyed to the court.

Half an hour later I found myself in the prisoners' dock, confronting a row of six or seven magistrates, to more than one of whom I had been personally known in former years. The case against me was very simple.

Mr. Stubbs was called and stated that the watch and case, which he had omitted to put away, were on his table when he left his room, soon after 12 o'clock, and were gone when he returned about half an hour later.

Then he related, with evident reluctance, how the prisoner had been shown and had greatly admired the watch, evincing special interest in its value, which he had seemed much surprised to learn was estimated at one hundred and fifty guineas.

Inspector Bunting stated that from information received that morning he had searched certain rooms in the Holly Bush Hotel, in the presence of the landlord and Sergeant Price, and that in No. 5, the room occupied by the prisoner, he had found the watch identified by Mr. Stubbs as his property, hidden under the mattress.

A remand was then asked for, and, Mr. Roland's application for bail refused, the chairman (a stranger to me) remarking, with great originality, that it was a very painful thing to see a man in the prisoner's station of life placed by his own act in such a degrading position.

After this I was removed to the County Gaol, locked up in a clean, but horribly gloomy room and left to my own reflections.

(These need not be recorded here, but their substance will be found at p. 2643, of that standard work "Yarborough on Circumstantial Evidence.") A week later I was again brought up before the magistrates, when Heavitree was called to prove my impecuniosity, as admitted to him, and my defence being by Mr. Roland's advice reserved, I was duly committed for trial at the forthcoming Sladbrook Assizes, bail being refused as before, and the chairman once more observing, with the air of a man who has just pounced upon a new idea, that "it was a very painful thing to see a man in the prisoner's station of life," &c.

During this time my friends had not been idle. Hilton Bayley had been down more than once to see me. My brothers, too, came frequently, the eldest—who I now learnt had only found my letter on his return home from a ten days' absence on business—being especially active on my behalf.

Eminent counsel were engaged for the defence, "witnesses as to character" were looked up, Squire Hartley came himself to assure me of his belief in my innocence, and Mr. Roland was indefatigable in his efforts to arrive at a practical solution of the mystery.

From him I learnt that Stubbs, who at one time inclined slightly towards a doubt of my guilt, had now become adamant in his conviction that I and I alone was the thief.

"The change," said Roland, "is owing, by Stubb's own admission, to the strong views expressed by a person to whom he constantly alludes as 'my friend.' This worthy appears to have worked upon the harder side of Stubbs's nature by telling him that 'the rights of property' demand that he should 'pocket his own feelings and go through with it.' As for poor old Heavitree, he is quite heart-broken, and says he'll never forgive Bunting for 'worriting him into saying all that about your money affairs,' or himself 'for being such a fat-head as to let on.'"

The criminal list was a heavy one, and my case, which was low down, would not come on for hearing until the third or fourth day of the Assizes. By that time the affair had excited a great deal of interest and curiosity in the town, and I was not surprised to find the court crowded to its fullest capacity.

After a short opening speech from the prosecuting counsel, in which no attempt was made to strain the case against the accused, Mr. Stubbs was called.

He had nothing to add to his statement made before the magistrates, but a certain sort of reluctance which had been noticeable in his manner on that occasion had disappeared, and was replaced by the sternly resolute air of one who, suppressing all sentiment, he set himself to vindicate the outraged "rights of property."

A searching cross-examination by Mr. Inceton failed to shake either the demeanor or the evidence of my accuser, and when Inspector Bunting and John Heavitree had each contributed their quota to the tale of incrimination, hope fell dead within me, and I, an innocent man, positively longed for the sentence that should remove me from the hard staring gaze of that pitiless crowd in whose eyes I read their full conviction of my guilt.

The first witness for the defence was Hilton Bayley, who said that he knew the prisoner intimately—in fact shared chambers with him in the Temple; that he was aware that prisoner was a man of very limited means, and had for that reason always specially admired his scrupulously exact dealings in money matters; had no hesitation in saying that he had always regarded the accused as a person of unblemished honor, and still believed him to be utterly incapable of the crime with which he was charged.

My brother's evidence which followed was simply to the effect that the statement made to Heavitree was a correct one, and that the money I had written for would have been sent at once but for witness's accidental absence from home at the time. At this moment a slight commotion arose near the public entrance, and a messenger made his way to Mr. Roland, who at once followed him out of the court.

A day or two later Roland returned and entered into close conversation with my counsel, who thereupon desired my brother to stand down, and turning towards the bench said, "My lud, I find myself suddenly in a position to lay before the court evidence which it is not unsafe to predict will place a very different complexion upon the case as against the prisoner. Call Lettice Armstrong."

Flushing brightly, but without any other sign of trepidation, there stepped into the witness box a little girl apparently of about twelve years of age.

She was a lovely child, and as she stood there in a simple frock of some soft white material, her grey eyes looking up from under the shadow of a wide-brimmed hat, there arose from the closely packed assemblage a scarcely subdued buzz of interest and admiration.

As for myself, I was fairly breathless with suspense, and with the struggle that was going on within me between a vague sense of something familiar in the sweet little face, and the conviction that I had never set eyes on it before.

However, I was not left long in doubt. In answer to the questions put by counsel, the child told, in a clear sweet voice, and with perfect self-possession, the following story:

At about 7 o'clock on the 10th May, she had arrived with her father at the Holly Bush Hotel. Looking through the glass in the coffee-room door, she had seen a gentleman at dinner.

He had his face turned towards her, and had looked up for a moment in her direction.

That night there was a children's ball at the Town Hall, at which she was present with her father. They returned to the hotel soon after 12 o'clock.

Was just about to close the door of her room when she saw by the light of the gas a tall white figure coming along the corridor.

Thought at once by the wide open and staring look of the eyes that it was a man walking in his sleep; noticed that he carried a leather case of some kind, which he held out almost at arm's length. Was very much frightened, but having heard people say that it was dangerous to wake a sleep-walker, she made no sound, but waited to see what he would do. After stopping a moment in the middle of the passage, the figure turned suddenly to the right and passed into the room nearly opposite her own, pushing the door to.

Was quite positive that the gentleman she had seen in the coffee-room, the sleep-walker, and the prisoner, were one and the same person.

Asked, in cross-examination, how she could identify the sleep-walker as the strange gentleman seen for the first time, and for a moment only, in the coffee-room, she replied that the prisoner was quite unmistakable owing to his height.

Besides, she had seen his face quite plainly enough to remember it so short a time as a few hours afterwards. But—asked the counsel for the prosecution—how was it that, having seen so unusual a sight as a man walking in his sleep, she seemed to have made no mention of the circumstance to any one in the hotel?

The answer was that she would have told her father at the time but did not like to disturb him, as he was very tired, and that she actually did tell him at breakfast. She knew that he had fully intended speaking to Mr. Heavitree on the subject, but she supposed that in the hurry of leaving by the first train for London, it had slipped his memory.

After this Mr. Inceton rose, and having intimated that under the circumstances he would not call any further witnesses, pointed out in a few incisive sentences that the prosecution, which the jury would bear in mind was from the first based upon purely circumstancial evidence, could not be sustained against the testimony of the witnesses for the defence, and especially of that youthful, but most admirable little witness whose intervention at the eleventh hour had, he submitted, been the means of freeing his client from the faintest shadow of suspicion.

Then the counsel for the prosecution got up, and said that having discharged a most painful duty to the best of his ability, no one would be more pleased than himself if the jury were able to take the same view as his learned friend opposite.

The Judge briefly summed up, pointing out that if the jury were convinced that the prisoner at the bar removed the watch and case from the room of Mr. Albert Stubbs to his own whilst in a condition of somnambulism, it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner of the charge brought against him.

The jury consulted for a moment in the box and then returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

The cheers which followed the few kindly words spoken by the judge were taken up again and again outside the court, breaking into perfect yells of triumph when Lettice Armstrong was seen at the door, and some one called out, "Three cheers for the brave little lady as got 'im off!"

Amid all the handshaking and slapping on the back that I had to endure for the next ten minutes, a note was put into my hand, which ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,

"If I had done as I wanted to, that case would never have come on. I said from the first that if it was you, you'd done it in your sleep. It was my friend egged me on to it, talking about the rights of property. There's no one's more sorry for what's passed than

"Your obedient servant,

"A. STUBBS.

"P. S.—I leave Sladbrook to-night, wishing you better luck than any I've brought you."

Among the merry party invited by Mr. Armstrong to supper at the Holly Bush that night were the prisoner, the counsel on both sides, and the principal witnesses for the defence. The head of the table was taken by little Lettice, who did the honors with a childish grace which won the hearts of all present.

A strong friendship was then and there established between us, and has remained unbroken till to-day. In fact, I have at this moment no dearer friend in all the world.

During the years that have elapsed since my first (and last) appearance as a somnambulist, I have been enabled through the kindness of Mr. Armstrong, whom I found to be the senior partner in a leading firm of London solicitors, to take a sufficiently good position as a barrister to justify the removal of my name from the depressing catalogue of Family Failures.

Ephraim's Test.

BY P. K.

EPHRAIM FAIRLEY, at the age of five-and-fifty, left the cares and the turmoil of active business with a competence, intending to spend the remainder of his life in pleasant, healthful retirement, to which end he purchased an excellent farm, in a delightful region of country, and not so far from the great city but that he could revisit the scenes of his commercial labors as often as he pleased.

Friend Fairley—he was a Quaker—was not done with work. It was no part of his plan that his last days should be spent in the ignoble process of "rusting out."

He would much rather wear out than do that. But he meant to do neither. He planned that he would have land enough, and cattle enough, and sheep enough, and pigs and hens enough, and horses enough to give himself and a good, faithful helper plenty of healthful work.

Of course, he would want a man—"Man Friday," he termed him—who should be a fixture on the place. Much other help he knew would be required to keep the place up to the mark; but that he could hire as he wanted it. For a commencement he thought one permanent male helper would be sufficient.

In the house, his wife Rachel was well provided.

They had been blessed with six children, and all of them were living, and all of them were girls. Two of them had married, and had homes of their own.

The remaining four—the eldest nineteen, and the youngest thirteen—buxom, willing, good-natured and healthful—were with their mother. So, in the wife's department, the help was ample.

As soon as it became known that Friend Fairley wanted to hire a farm-hand—a hand who, if he proved competent, would have a permanent home, and a good one—applicants were plenty. The name of the good man was known far and wide.

He was known to be a merciful man, a kind and gentle man, also a generous man. It was, in truth, a place to be coveted.

The first half-dozen callers the old man turned off without question. A good square look at them was sufficient.

The seventh applicant was Sam Ardle. Ephraim liked the looks of him, though he did not quite "fill the bill."

However, a brief examination would settle the matter; and for this purpose the master led the man out to where he was just finishing off his principal stock-house—the house in which he planned to keep his live stock.

Three carpenters were at work, and their saws and hammers made merry music as Fairley led Samuel over the premises.

"Friend Ardle, I pride myself on very little, but I must feel a measure of pride, small though it be, in my taste and judgment in the matter of providing for my stock. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast,' it is said, and I am striving to give my beasts the greatest amount of comfort possible. I should be very sorry to have anyone question my good sense in this department. Couldst thou imagine anything better?"

"Certainly not," answered Samuel, with energy. "It is beautiful. I wish I was able to build a stock-house for myself; I'd get you to plan it for me, if I could."

And so they went on; and at every point of observation, Sam Ardle was loud in his encomiums. Never had he seen anything so perfect in its way.

When they had gone over the premises, and were back at the point of departure, said Ephraim, "Friend Ardle, thee mayst call again in one week, if thou shalt feel so inclined. I have no answer for thee at present."

The next man whom the Quaker was willing to try was Peter Brown, a chubby, good-natured, easy-going body, certainly strong enough, if that were all that was required.

Mr. Fairley led him over the premises as he had led Ardie.

At the place where he was making arrangements for his stock he stopped, and pointed out the many conveniences he had in mind for the comfort, not only of the animals themselves, but of those who were to take care of them.

"Friend Peter," he said, with considerable appearance of pride, "we are all of us more or less wise in our own conceit. I have had much experience in business, though but little in farming; but I have read, and I have studied, and I have consulted the best authorities on the subject, and I must confess to thee, Peter, that I am foolish enough to believe that I have planned the very best thing for my cattle and my horses that could have been planned by anyone. Dost thou not agree with me?"

"Of course I do, Squire. Why, bless me! I never saw anything like it. You do beat all people for contriving. If I hadn't heard you say to the contrary, I should think you'd been a farmer and a stock-breeder all your born days."

Thence Ephraim led the applicant out into the barn-yard, and showed him where the offal was to be thrown—the room he had for it, and various other things, which we need not specify. Finally, back at the starting point, Friend Fairley said to the expectant seeker after a place, "Peter, I am not prepared to engage help at this moment; but, if it so pleaseth thee, and thy time be not otherwise occupied, thou mayest call upon me in one week from this time, and I will then give thee an answer."

The third man to whose application Friend Fairley lent a willing ear was Luke Toddler, a strong, bright-faced, keen-eyed young fellow, prompt and proper in speech, and quick and nervy in movement. The old man liked the looks of him much. After a few preliminary words they started for the stock-house, where the carpenters were still rasping and banging away as though for dear life.

"Friend Luke, thou seest here where I shall keep my cattle and my horses. I flatter myself that no man's animals will be better provided for. The comfort of the dumb creatures given me to care for will ever demand my earnest solicitude, and I ——"

"Hold on, just one moment, Mr. Fairley," broke in Toddler, who had been looking about him, indoors and out, up and down, while the other had been talking. "What are you going to do with that side of your house?" pointing to the side opposite where the stalls were being planned for.

"There, friend Luke, I plan to bestow my hay. Is it not an excellent place?"

"Well," said Toddler, politely, and even modestly, but most emphatically, "it may be a good place enough for hay, but it would be a great deal better as a place for your live stock. Why, you've started things wrong-end to! Really, sir, I should like to work for you; but I don't think I could stand it to see the cattle and the horses, under my care, curled up in the cold, on the north side of the barn, while Heaven's glorious sunlight and warmth were shut away by a mow of hay! Think of it, sir. We have cold weather here through the winter months, and it'll make a great deal of difference in the condition of your stock whether they have the sunny side or the dark, chill side of the house-shed. I know it'll cost something to make the alteration, but you'll gain in the end."

"Verily, Friend Toddler, we will think of that. But let us look further."

The next thing to catch Luke's eye was the arrangement for throwing out the manure from the stalls.

"Mr. Fairley, do you intend to leave your manure heaps in that fashion?"

"Why not, my friend?"

"Why not!" repeated Toddler, in open-eyed wonder. "Why—goodness sakes alive!—with what are you to dress your land next spring? How can you expect to give richness to your soil, and energy to your crops, if you leave your compost heaps, through the sunshine and storm of almost a whole year, to give off the very best of their qualities to evaporation and the process of leaching? If you can't afford a cellar, I would, if I were in your place, at least build a line of sheds over the heaps. But the cellar's the best, and you have a grand chance for it."

"Friend Toddler, thou art very plain spoken."

"Perhaps I am; but if what I speak so isn't it best to give it voice? As for the place—though I had a strong fancy that I should like to work for you, yet I think I'd rather give it up than take it, if I must see dumb creatures under my care curled up with cold all winter just for the want of the warm sunshine that they might have as well as not. And one thing further. You've doubtless read, in the good Book, of the poor workmen who complained because they were asked to make bricks without straw. Well, I fancy I should feel very much as those old Israelites did, if I should be asked to enrich land with dressing that had been robbed of fully one-half its enriching qualities. So you see, Friend Ephraim, in rejecting me there'll be no harm done."

"Luke Toddler!" cried the old man, grasping the applicant by the hand, "thou art my hired man from this moment, if the place will suit thee! Thou shalt finish things to suit thyself. The carpenters shall be placed under thy direction, for thee to superintend as it shall seem to thee best. For myself, I will only claim the privilege of offering such suggestions as may strike my fancy; for there are times and situations, Luke, wherein two heads are better than one."

At first Toddler thought the erratic Quaker was making fun of him; but he was soon convinced of his mistake.

"Thou art surprised friend Luke, that I have so readily chosen thee from among thy fellows. The reason is simple. Thou hast been the first and only one to have the courage to tell me of my errors, the first with the manliness and goodwill to look to my interests in spite of me. The stone is already bespoken for a good cellar; and further," the old man added with a merry twinkle in his bright gray eyes, "if thou wilt examine the floor on the south side, I think it will be found exactly fitted for the use to which thou wilt put it."

So Luke Toddler was engaged; and never did two men work more harmoniously together.

Luke very soon came to love his employer with all his heart; while Friend Fairley took pride in declaring that he had the most faithful, the most intelligent, and the most painstaking man in charge of his farm that he had ever known.

One morning about a month after Toddler had been engaged with Mr. Fairley, he chanced to meet Sam Ardie and Peter Brown at the village tavern.

"Say, Luke!" cried Ardie, balancing his old black pipe between his thumb and finger, "what do you make of that old fool up at Dale Brook Farm? He don't know much about farmin', at least.

Luke answered, "Friend Fairley forgets more every night than all of us put together ever knew, and under his instruction I've learned that in order to be a good farmer, a man needs to be about as intelligent, and as well educated as he does for any business in the world."

WIDENING THE BREACH.—The busybodies of both sexes think that they can manage everybody's affairs as well as their own, and on the principle that onlookers can see most of the game—a saying that should not be too literally accepted—perpetually give advice from that standpoint. "If I were in your place," they are fond of saying, "I would do so and so," where it is pretty certain, were they in your place, the affairs would be left to settle themselves, while they were busy about somebody else's business.

They are sure to find out all that is happening among your neighbors, no matter how private it is supposed to be, and are fond of pitying them.

Now, pity is all very well in some instances, but, in this case, "I pity you," is generally equivalent to, "I expected as much."

A feminine busybody would be astonished if accused of making other people uncomfortable, for she really intends every thing for the best, and has an idea she is doing you a favor by advising you how she would act if she were in your place.

It does not make the slightest of difference to her that you have not asked her advice; she feels in her own mind that you are in need of such, and she is just the one to give it to you, for she is positive that she understands all the workings of your household, and is the only one competent to advise you.

A person of this kind is found in nearly all neighborhoods, but is always a terror to most housekeepers, but more particularly is this true with a timid woman, who does not like to resent such interference for fear of offending, but listens to it all, and then wonders if she couldn't manage better if she tried hard, though it does seem as if to try any harder than she has done is out of all reason.

If members of the family were careful not to bring any little differences away from home, in the way of complaints about someone with whom they have had a misunderstanding, but have all such things quietly settled in the home, there would be so little that busybodies could say or do that their occupation would fail them.

If things don't go just right at home or office, have patience and in a short while they will adjust themselves. Don't go with your grievances to an outsider for consolation. Outsiders never do any good in cases of this kind, though they may have the best intentions to do so. They only widen the breach or increase the difficulty.

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.—However just much of the criticism upon the management of children at the present time may be, it is certainly true that in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than their mothers and grandmothers before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep? What matter is it if outdoor sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness, and it costs less to pay the shoemaker than the doctor. The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need outdoor exercise and indoor sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition, and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman whose days of girlhood were passed in making patchwork and doing the thousand-and-one other foolish things called "girl's work."

MISS TIPITY FITCHET: "Are you sure you have never loved any other woman?" Mr. Goodman: "Quite sure." Miss T. F.: "And no woman has ever loved you?" Mr. G.: "Never." Miss T. F.: "Then, sir, I must really decline your offer. I cannot marry such an inexperienced man."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A telegram from Pittsburg reports a peculiar case that has been before Judge Over of the Orphan's Court, in which $8000 is involved, that amount depending on the decision of the court as to whether a little word of three letters in a will is "two" or "ten." The wife of a millionaire coke manufacturer there, divised in her will a sum of money to the Hospital for Crippled Children, in New York city, where she had a child treated for some time. The amount was written out in an open hand, and could be taken for either $2,000 or $10,000. When the matter of distribution was taken up, the question as to the amount arose, and expert testimony as to penmanship has been taken before Judge Over. The case is pending.

While Mr. and Mrs. Bigham of Florence, S. C., were sitting, in company with the latter's little sister, in one of the rooms of their residence lightning struck the east end of the house, demolishing that part of the structure entirely, striking Mr. Bigham on the head and running down his right side, tearing the shoe entirely from his foot. His wife was thrown about three feet into the centre of the room, both were covered with the falling timbers and seriously bruised, the sister who was not even hurt or shocked, removed the timbers from them and went for assistance. Mr. Bigham was thought to have been fatally injured, as he did not speak for ten hours after the shock, and both arms were paralyzed, but at last accounts both he and his wife had recovered to some extent.

A railroad running through Emanuel county, Ga., recently killed a razor-back hog belonging to a widow, and she entered a suit for damages for the value of it. The railroad won the case, it being shown that the proper signals being blown and the precautions taken, and the plaintiff was sorely distressed about the result. She had converted the pig into lard, and; as the road would not pay for killing him, she bestowed what remained of the porker on the company. On a dark night she took the pot of grease, and proceeded to the track of the company, coated the track with a liberal daub of grease for about a quarter of a mile. It took all the sand that the engines could bring to bear on the track for two days to tide over the spot which crippled traffic. Now the widow is threatened with a lawsuit.

I heard the other day, says a correspondent, a pretty, and, I believe, an unpublished story, of the Emperor Napoleon III's first present to the Empress Eugenie. It was before their marriage and they were walking together in the Park of Compiegne. Mdlle. de Montijo picked up a leaf which was covered with dew, and called the Emperor's attention to its beauty. The Emperor at once took the leaf, and within a few minutes privately dispatched Count Bacciochi with it to Paris. A few days later he returned with an exact imitation of the dew-gemmed leaf. The leaf was of enamel; the dew was of diamonds. The Emperor fastened it to Mdlle. Montijo's dress, and from that moment the members of the court regarded the recipient as their future Empress.

During the Queen's visit to Florence she was invited to witness the yearly display of fireworks before the cathedral. An upstairs apartment with three windows, from which the best view could be obtained, was prepared and especially decorated for her Majesty's reception. When all was in readiness and waiting for the Queen's arrival Queen Natalie, of Servia, suddenly appeared with her son and insisted on entering and taking a seat in the Queen's window. Shortly afterwards her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove up, and taking in the situation at a glance, declined to go upstairs, announcing that they preferred to remain on the ground floor. The Syndic of Florence was distracted, but there was no help for it. When the display was over the Queen drove away without casting a glance behind her.

Of late the number of marriages of aged folks has become almost incredible. They have been occuring with marked regularity, though predominating in no certain section, so that they can't well be attributed to any local cause. The latest occured in Jeffersonville, Ind., the principals being 72 and 71 years respectively. A grandchild of the groom acted as a witness to the ceremony which is said to have immediately followed the funeral sermon over the remains of the aged Benedick's second wife. Almost at the same time in Akron, Ohio, another more aged "lover," began suit for divorce from her octogenarian husband, whom she (over 80), wedded one year ago. In this last instance it was a case of "old love" revived. About half a century ago they were engaged, but for some reason the engagement was broken off, and each married and raised a family. Both again became single through death, and after a correspondence became parties to a marriage, which she is now trying to break, for the reason that "she does not like the simplicity of her home."

Tramp—Can you give me something to do, sir? Gentleman—What are you? Tramp—I'm a journey man, sir. Gent—A journeyman what? Tramp—Just a journey man sir; that's my business.

Health Is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

REALTY.

How to secure a clear, smooth, beautiful healthy skin is the matter of all, and thanks to this the reach of all. [illegible] by the use of these remedies, that the skin most [illegible] reject. Under their influence [illegible] delicate skin, and we have [illegible] Sores, in one sample of many [illegible] the solids and fluids of the person and expel [illegible] by the skin, kidneys, bowels, [illegible] Now the [illegible] hide about it, and increase the natural [illegible] of the skin, which

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN

Is a true cure for all Skin Eruptions. It makes the blood rich and pure, and after it has driven out of the system all [illegible] of the skin, the pores [illegible] the natural [illegible] of its pores, and make the skin pure, clear and beautiful. This is the ONLY way to secure [illegible] SKIN.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetter, [illegible], Blotches, Blackheads, Scaly Heal, Acne, [illegible], Boils, Blotches of all kinds as quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, [illegible] and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, All [illegible] and Irregularities of the [illegible] or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with [illegible] like the white of an egg, or there [illegible] or there is a morbid, dark, bilious [illegible] and when allowed to stand [illegible] deposit, or [illegible] pain in the back, [illegible] Digestion when [illegible] and pain in the [illegible] of [illegible]

One bottle contains more curative principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

TWENTY DROPS in a teaspoonful to half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and [illegible] Radway's Pills for the cure of all [illegible] of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and [illegible] Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia [illegible], with them the [illegible] on the system to contract disease. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs:

[illegible], with [illegible] of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, breast, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25 Cents per Box.

Send stamp for postage to Radway & Co., 32 Warren street, New York, for our book of advice.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

LOST IN A FOG.

BY A. L. BROWN.

"NOW, Grace, I shall be back in an hour," said Miss Wells to her young niece; "you can do your wool work, or put some scraps in your book, and then the time will soon pass; and when I come back I will take you out for a short walk."

Grace was nine years old, and had come to stay in town with her aunt for a short while. A gay time it was to be for her, for her aunt said she would take her to see lots of sights, the Zoo, and the Wax Works, and all kinds of things like that. She had not seen much yet, for she had been in town but two days, and had had but one or two short walks up and down the streets near her aunt's house. How Grace did like to look at all the shops! They were such fine ones, and in them she saw such sweet dolls and nice books that it made her wish she was rich and could buy lots of them, some for her own and some for her friends at home.

Miss Wells had to go and see a friend of hers who was ill, and that was why she could not take Grace with her. But Grace did not mind this; she was glad to have some time to spare for her scrap book. She was so proud of this book, for she had put in the scraps with great care, and there were now but three or four leaves to fill up. Grace put it down on the couch, and with her chin in her hand she lay and thought—"How shall I fill up this page?"

Soon she had stuck in all the scraps she had by her, but there was still room for a few more. By the clock she saw that it would soon be time for her aunt to come home, so she ran to put on her hat and fur cape and gloves, so that she might go out with her at once.

It was a dull day, and though Grace did not think much of it, it had grown quite dark, and by the time she came down, and stood to watch for her aunt, she saw that there was quite a fog. She had to wait a long while, and still Miss Wells did not come.

"I wish she would," thought Grace. "I should like to go and buy a few more scraps," and she took out her purse to make sure that her pence were in it. Yes, there they were, quite safe.

"I do not at all like to have to wait," she thought; "and I am sure aunt would not mind if I went out a short way. I know there is a shop quite close where I can get what I want."

With this thought in her mind she made her way to the hall door, drew back the latch, and went out. The shop she meant to go to was in the next street. It was not a large one, and when she got there it was so full that she had to wait for some time till the man who kept it could serve her.

How strange it was to see the gas lit at 12 o'clock in the day! "We do not have to do this at home," thought Grace.

At last the man came to serve Grace, and brought her a nice lot of scraps to choose from. In fact, there were such a lot that it took her a long time to make up her mind which she would have.

She chose some at last, and gave them to the man to tie up for her. As he did this he said,

"It's a bad day for you to be out in, miss! How will you get home? The fog is so thick now you can't see a yard in front of you."

"Oh!" said Grace, "I shall get home all safe."

But when she got to the shop door she could see no house or shop near, but she knew she must turn to the right and then cross the road.

The man at the shop went with her to the door, and at once she was out of sight. Then he went to his room at the back of the house where his sick wife lay, and said, "I do call it a shame to let a child out on such a day as this;" and he told his wife of Grace. "If you had been well, or if George had been here to look to the shop, I should have seen her safe home."

There was a great noise in the streets. Men had to walk in front of the cabs and carts to keep them off the paths. All the lamps were lit, but they gave no light.

Grace went on, of course, past the turn which led to her street, and she did not know it. At last she felt it was time to cross, and when she thought the road was clear she ran as fast as she could.

Oh, how big things look in a fog! Halfway she found she was close to a cab and horse. The man gave a shout as he saw her, but it was too late; the shaft of the cab struck her head, and she fell with a cry to the ground.

A small crowd was soon round the cab and the child, and from the lips of more than one came the words, "Was there no one with her?" and "What is to be done?"

Then someone said, "We are close to St. Faith's Home; they'll take her in there, and do all they can for her."

And one of the crowd ran on to the Home to tell them what they meant to do.

And soon the child lay in a small bed in the girls' ward, and Dr. Green and a nurse stood by.

Dr. Green said at once that her hair must be cut short off, as there was a bad wound on the head, and thus he told the nurse to bathe.

For some hours poor Grace lay at the Home, and her aunt had not yet found out where she was.

But at the end of the day, when the Home was to be shut up for the night, there was a loud peal at the bell, and Miss Wells' voice was heard. "Has a child been brought in here with a bad wound on the head? I was told to ask here."

"Oh, yes; a poor child was brought in at noon, and I think she must be the one you want, ma'am," said the man at the front gate of the Home.

So Miss Well, was shown up, and in the ward she found her niece in a deep sleep. At first sight she did not know her, with her hair cut so short and her face so pale. She sat down by the side of the cot for a long time, and then she heard Grace move and say in a low voice, "Where am I?" and "Is that you, aunt?"

For some days she was kept in the Home till Dr. Green said it was safe to move her to Miss Wells' house, and in time she grew quite well.

The first day she went out she made her way to St. Faith's Home, where they had all been so kind to her, and took with her the scrap book, which was now quite full, and left it as a gift for the girls who still lay there sick and ill.

ABOUT DOLLS.

A DOLL," according, to Dr. Johnson, "is a puppet or a baby for a little girl to play with." This definition we consider to be unworthy of the mind which framed it.

The word "puppet" recalls to our mind's eye an unpleasantly lively Jack-in-the-box, or two little ugly boxing-men fastened together with a string; while a "baby" suggests only a "long baby," which may be pleasant enough to dress and undress, or to christen or rock in a miniature cradle, or to take out driving in a miniature perambulator, but which at doll's tea-party is simply a nonentity, and which can no more have wild adventures by flood and fell, or camp out or marry another doll and set up housekeeping in a house with a small green front door (for show) than the cat could—rather less in fact.

As for the "little girl"—well, evidently in Dr. Johnson's day the little girls were more exclusive, or the little boys more contemptuous of their sisters and their sister's dolls.

Or Dr. Johnson, being an unpleasant child with an untimely fondness for tea, and who carried about an emptied dictionaries in his head while he was as yet of tender years, if he did ever, in a misguided moment, condescend to play with a puppet or baby, was ashamed of the fact, and wished it to be buried in oblivion.

Whatever the case was, we again repeat the definition is insufficient; and had Dr. Johnson made any study, however slight, of dolls as a class or of dolls in particular, it is almost needless to say that he would have perceived his error.

Who was the first child that ever played with a doll, it would be hard to say; but we do not doubt that the earliest children of the earth possessed dolls as well as later ones.

That the ancient leader of the Hebrews, when he was but little Moses, had a doll may be regarded as amounting almost to a certainty; for in those tiny sarcophagi which are discovered in Egypt, there have been found besides poor little mummies—only mummies now, but which were once bright little dark-eyed children of Egypt, full of mischief and glee—pathetically comical little imitations of themselves, placed there by loving mothers within reach of the cold little baby fingers.

That reminds us of another baby figure, a little girl's, which was found in one of the Buried Cities with a doll clasped to her breast.

The doll, of which the modern doll is but a reproduction with improvements, emigrated from Holland some centuries ago; but before her advent there must have been a British doll of some sort or other; and we doubt not that at the time when art was first awakened in those islands and when our ancestors painted themselves and each other blue, the children, of the tribe, or according to Dr. Johnson, the little girls had dolls, also painted blue, which must certainly have been a great saving in clothing to those small British matrons.

It is a fallacy to suppose that a doll, in order to be a doll, must be of most perfect physical construction, with limbs well stuffed with sawdust or bran, and with a ruddy complexion and large dark eyes.

Such is not the case; and perhaps if we were to make investigations we should find that the ragged little gutter child, with rags in her arms, with true motherly pride and devotion, the very dirtiest of dirty shawls or old pinafores, tied in a large knot at one end, gets more pleasure out of her doll than even the little aristocrat at the West end, whose doll is a last vest of Paris, with golden hair, and eyes that open and shut, which has teeth and a voice, and can do almost anything but speak the language, and possesses a costume for every day in the week.

There is not a doubt that the more a child seems to exercise its imaginative faculty with regard to its playthings the happier it is, and the more chance does it get of bringing its ingenuity and originality into play in its future life.

What effect Rusk n's bunch of keys and cart, and ba l, and boxes of wel -cut bricks—the sum total of those l'ttle's playthings, had on his after-career, it would be hard to say, but he tells us how he could at an early age "pass his days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of his carpet and examining the knots in the wood of the door, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses."

Poor little embryo art critic!—getting, perhaps as much enjoyment out of the ugly red bricks of the sooty London houses, as he may have got afterwards in contemplating the architecture of St. Mark's or of the Doge's palace.

Far away in a lonely Yorkshire parsonage, about the same time that little John Ruskin was counting the bricks, or admiring the squares in his carpet, some remarkable children were amusing themselves in their own unchildish ways—writing little dramas, poems, and romances, and playing their "secret plays" with their dolls, which were wooden soldiers, mostly titled, and generally either statesmen or men of genius.

"Miue was the prettiest of the whole, and the most perfect in every part," wrote Charlotte Bronte. "He was the Duke of Wellington."

Jane Welsh Carlyle's had more of the real about it than Charlotte Bronte's, but its end was such as few dolls can hope to have.

She always loved her doll, but when she had got into her first book of Virgil, she thought it a shame to care forher any longer, and having judged the poor victim, decided that she must die, and die as beseemed the doll of a young lady in Virgil.

With some lead pencils, her four-post bed, her dresses, which were many, a few sticks of cinnamon, and a nutmeg, she built the doll a funeral pile, and poured over it all some sort of perfume.

Then the doll being seated upon her four-post bed, recited with her judge's aid, the last speech of Dido, stabbed herself with a penknife, and perished there nobly.

But, alas, the student of Virgil had miscalculated her own callousness.

As the flames hungrily licked up the second Dido, and her stuffing of bran, poor little "Jeanie's" affection all came back, and she'd have saved her doll when it was too late; and when she could not, burst into such cries of anguish as brought out her alarmed friends, who carried her forcibly into the house.

It seemed a sort of portent of what her life was to be, poor little woman—a life of sacrifices, sometimes needless ones too, and sacrifices which would have been better left unmade; a life in which she tried to do away with the fact that she could love as few people can, and tried to take life as a Stoic would, or as did the little Spartan boy who would not complain even when his very heart was gnawed away.

With ordinary children a doll plays many parts, and curiously enough, a child's doll always seems to bear a strong resemblance to the child in constitution and disposition, if not in appearance.

A selfish child always has a selfish doll; and a delicate child's doll is alway s ill.

A doll we once knew was passionately fond of preserved ginger; and as sure as there was any ginger in the house, so sure was that brazen-faced doll to demand some and force its owner, with much reluctance and many apologies, to beg for just a tiny bit in order to satisfy its cravings.

Curiously enough, if that doll's owner had a weakness, it was a weakness for preserved ginger.

Another doll of our acquaintance—a very dear friend of ours in days gone by—a doll named Franky, of a dark (tan-glove) complexion, utterly without a backbone, and who always wore a Norfolk jacket and a suit of red flannel, once expressed a wild desire to possess a complete Highland costume. He had once before wanted a popgun, and had—through persistently asking for one—always through the medium of his much embarrassed proprietor, of course—got three popguns of various sizes presented to him by friends of the family; so he thought it well to pursue the same course as previously.

He did so but with what results! Certainly, he obtained the desired kilts, with a sporran, velvet jacket and everything complete.

But the kind friend who donated the costume, thinking it would be a pleasant surprise for his owner if she altered Franky's complexion for the better, bestowed upon him a new face of an unhealthy (white-kid-glove) hue, and very correct features, with the most insane expression imaginable.

Alas for Franky! From that day to this his doom was sealed. At first, his owner disowned him; and it was only after she had made a careful scrutiny of his limbs, hair, and pedal extremities, that she would acknowledge in this horribly vapid Highlander her own beloved but strangely transmogrified Franky. Almost immediately, Franky took scarlet fever, and had to be isolated in a disused cradle in the lumber-room.

Of course, having other children to look after, it would not have been right for his owner to run the risk of nursing him, so she allowed him to be tended by three (imaginary) hospital nurses.

One day, her maternal solicitude rose to nor four of contagion, and she penetrated the sick room, caught him up from the cradle, and kissed him passionately, but the sight of Franky's face on full expression was too much for her, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she cast him away with loathing and disgust.

That is many years ago; but we believe the hapless Franky, still attired in a full Highland costume, lies in that lumber-room suffering from a long protracted attack of scarlet fever, and without even the imaginary hospital nurse to tend his sick-bed.

Poor Franky! he is not alone in his misfortune.

We wonder how many like cases would be revealed to the public were all the lumber rooms and old 'doll closets' in the United States to undergo strict investigation.

What startling revelations and harrowing details there would be, and what fearful list of mutilated and disfigured bodies, and unrecognizable remains, we should have to make! Perhaps, like Maggie Tulliver's unfortunate doll, some of the harmless victims might have been used as substitutes for some real offender, and been hammered and hacked and knocked about in an unjust and brutal manner. Perhaps still more might have fallen victims to a younger generation than their owners, possessed of much curiosity and a genius for dissecting; while more still might be only the victims of neglect—once idolized and honored members of society, but now despised, unloved, and stowed away in odd corners, while their once devoted friends amuse themselves with the big world's playthings; or have stopped playing altogether, said good-night, and gone to sleep for ever.

Poor old 'puppets and babies,' what happiness you have given! How many memories, happy and sad, how many days of sunshine and of rain, you bring back to us!

A NEW PERIL.—"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?" The lovely girl who asked this question of Marcellus Hankinson sat behind the centre table with her hands in her lap, and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene?" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chronic dyspepsia. "The whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you do not trust your future to my hands my life shall be devoted to the task of making you unhappy. It would pay me to devote [illegible] to the rude duties of an asylum, to spend my days in [illegible] the world, to [illegible] my right arm to be [illegible] every dagger that [illegible] to [illegible]."

"If I intensely [illegible], Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes [illegible] the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping, and without——"

"Practical duties of housekeeping!" broke in the enthusiastic youth; "youth will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar——"

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson. I am afraid you will find me thoughtless and extravagant in many things."

"Extravagant, Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"Will you would be willing to spend your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I would never want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a club or become a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene. I will never do either."

"Let me see," said the young lady meditatively; "I think that is all—Oh! You will agree to have the word 'obey' left out of my par. of the marriage service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey? Why, my own, certainly. I am even willing to promise to obey you."

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full-grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in the drawer of the secretary [illegible] the wall, turned [illegible] gas, and [illegible] a second, yet [illegible] the door, stretching [illegible], "I am yours."

BEGGARS IN THE EAST.—All through Asia Minor every town and city swarms with professional beggars. The Moslem regards mendicancy as a calling in which there is no disgrace and does not consider the loathsome crowd that hangs around the entrance of the mosque to importune him for alms as he goes to his devotions a nuisance.

He dispenses charity among them according to his means, and feels that his prayers will be the more efficacious for having done so. The ranks now embrace big, burly, able-bodied men who do not hesitate to elbow to one side those of the same ilk who are feeble and deformed.

There is no disgrace attached to their profession, and the sturdy ragamuffin strong enough to fell an ox wallows in his filth and rags, and plies his calling with no feeling of shame than the miserable cripple who lost both legs in the Turko-Russian War.

But the true land of the mendicant is Persia. It has been estimated by observant travelers that one-tenth of the Shah's subjects are beggars by profession. Not only is the professional mendicant tolerated in Persia, but he is regarded as holy, and his [illegible] is regarded with respect.

The streets of Persian city are full of beggars of every imaginable description. Some are regular features at certain spots, occupying their posts as regularly as the days come and go.

THE MEDICINE CHEST.—Every household should possess a medicine chest. It may be a little corner closet or simply a box, but it should always have a lock and key. It should contain a [illegible] peppermint, court plaster, fine, and [illegible] a small syringe, a medicine tumbler [illegible] water, linseed oil, arnica and as many of the simple remedies as the members of the family know how to administer. The fact of having these things all together in a spot where they can be found the instant they are wanted will save much valuable time and considerable pain to the patient.

THE WORLD.

BY CAMILLA CROSLAND.

A Playground—oft with clouded skies,
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall cheat, and joys depart
In Life's swift-passing prime.

A Battlefield where forces meet,
And unseen hosts contend,
With trances all so short, they seem
With the wild strife to blend.
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?

A Graveyard, where on every side
Pale monuments arise,
To show how brief is human life,
How vain is all we prize.
A Graveyard filled 'er memory,
Where phantoms lightly tread,
But each one points with finger raised
To blue skies overhead.

MODES OF MARRIAGES.

Among the Huzaiahs, a people of Asia, the suitors for the hand of a maiden assemble together unarmed on a given day, mounted on the best horses that can be procured, while the bride herself, mounted on a beautiful Turcoman horse, surrounded by her relatives, anxiously scans the group of lovers."

She notices the dress and appearance of the favored one before receiving the order to start. On the receipt of this order she rides off across the savannah, which is generally twelve miles or so long by several miles wide.

When she has put a certain distance between herself and the others, she waves her arm and the chase commences. Whichever of the suitors first gets up to her and encircles her waist is entitled to claim her as his wife, whether agreeable or disagreeable to the girl.

As the horsemen speed across the plain, it is easy to discover who is the favored one by the efforts made by the girl to avoid all others. Invariably the one to succeed is the one desired by the fair equestrian.

In India, marriage is a very costly business. It is not merely that expensive presents are bestowed, as with us, on the bride and bridegroom, or that the parents of the bride are often impoverished for life by the dowry they have to give her. When a great wedding takes place, troops of hungry mendicants and needy priests appear on the scene, and it would be contrary to good manners to send them away empty-handed.

At the recent marriage of a wealthy Zemindar, ten thousand people were sumptuously fed and presented with clothing and money. The lame and blind came in for even more generous treatment, while the learned Brahmins who honored the ceremony with their presence, were handsomely recompensed, each according to his talents.

The bride's father also liberated all the small debtors from the local jail by paying off their creditors; and he presented a handsome shawl to every member of the circus company which had been hired for the occasion. His total expenditure, apart from dowry and bridal outfit, is said to have amounted to $75,000—a heavy sum for a Zemindar, however wealthy, to give away at the marriage of one daughter.

The most lamentable thing of all in the domestic arrangements of the unhappy races in the East, is the early age at which the girls are married. The "Journals," an Arabic paper, once made a boast of having seen a grandmother twenty years of age, herself having been married before she was ten.

A physician of Damascus, a venerable, white headed patriarch, with his little wife, whom he had married at ten years of age, remarked that in his days young girls received no training at home; young men who wanted wives to please them, had to marry them early so as to educate them to suit themselves.

One of the scholars of the Beyrout Seminary came in at eight years of age, and remained for two years. At ten her parents sent for her and took her away to be married. One of the teachers records in an artless manner what carefulness they had in getting her off and sending her dolls with her.

Amongst the Persians, the marriage contract is simply a legal form; "but it is a marriage and not a betrothal," says a newspaper correspondent. A few friends are invited; the bride—perhaps a child of ten—is seated in a room with her relatives. Over the door hangs the usual curtain; or, if the ceremony takes place in one room or the open air, the women are all veiled.

At the other side of the curtain, in an outer room, or in the open air, are the male guests, and here squats the Mollah, or priest of the quarter, who now drawls out in a monotonous voice the marriage contract which has been previously drawn out by him:

"It is agreed between Hassan, the draper, who is agent for Houssein, the son of the baker, that he (Houssein) hereby acknowledges the receipt of the portion of Nissa, the daughter of Achmet, the grocer."

Here follows a list of the property of the bride in money and kind, including a copy of the Koran, which on death or divorce reverts back to her or her heirs. The receipt having been acknowledged, the Vakeel, or deputy for the bridegroom, and the mother for the bride, agree to the wedding.

The Mollah then solemnly declares that "In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful, and of Mohammed the Prophet of God, I declare you, Lord Houssein, and you, Lady Nissa, to be man and wife."

The document containing a list of the bride's properties is stamped and signed, the Mollah receives his fee, and all is over. There is no other ceremony, and the pair are bound together as tightly as the Mohammedan law can bind them.

In Egypt and Turkey love rarely, if ever, enters into the marriage contract; most frequently the wife is bought and sold like so much merchandise, and her home life is about as wretched as it well can be.

As soon as a Viennese girl is born, the weaving of her linen is begun, each year a certain number of yards being set aside for the trousseau when her marriage shall take place. This includes twelve dozen pairs of stockings, usually knitted by the elders of the family.

After they leave school, usually at the age of fifteen years, they go through one or two years teaching in the kitchen or pantry, either under the instruction of a member of the family or a trained cook. Thus, though it may never be their lot to have to cook a dinner, they are rendered independent of servants.

When married they make excellent wives and mothers. An Austrian lady is rarely seen without some description of work in her hand, either in or out of society, and when several work together in one household, one reads while the others work.

Grains of Gold.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom.

There are some persons on whom virtue sits almost as ungraciously as vice.

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds—in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in to itself all which would otherwise pass by.

Labor, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, watchfulness, are the elements out of which joy is formed.

Hasty and ill formed judgments are far more likely to exaggerate vice than virtue; iniquity than rectitude.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without wishing to appear so.

Thrift is the result of a habit of self-denial; like other habits, it is well to remember, it has to be taught early in life.

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on so slowly is because we all begin on our neighbors and never reach ourselves.

The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well-doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower without effort of our own.

A man in the declension of his age does not know what to do with himself if he cannot think. The longer the life, too, the more there is found to learn.

The capacity for happiness, like every other, needs continual exercise for its growth and development. If it is continually checked and postponed, it will wither away.

Do to day's duty, fight to day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

Femininities.

Sash ribbons run from 9 to 14 inches in width.

Virtue often trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.

To take iron-rust from granite, scrub with dilute muriatic acid.

Parley and surrender signify the same thing where virtue is concerned.

Canes are carried by fashionable ladies a la Lady Teazle in the "School for scandal."

In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

If the Devil is not as black as he is painted, neither are some young ladies as pink and white.

Court plaster cases in oxidized silver are among the little trifles that complete the lady's outfit.

Among the fashionable silver bracelets some in the form of a heavy coil of rope are very fashionable.

What is the greatest difficulty a woman has to contend with in learning to swim?—To keep her mouth shut.

There is no foundation for the popular dread of night air. It is as good as day air, and in cities often far purer.

A frog of green enamel firmly fastened to a slender bar of dull gold is among the novelties in bathing bracelets recently seen.

"Ducky?" "Whatty?" "Do you think I am making any progress in courting?" "Well, I should say you were holding your own now." Tableau.

Harold: "I love you, Mabel. Will you be—or—my sister?" Mabel, sheenly: "That can never be, Harold; but I will always be a wife to you."

Visits are for the most part neither more nor less than inventions for discharging upon our neighbors somewhat of our own unendurable weight.

Mrs. Azubah F. Ryder, of Orrington, Me., who is 104 years old, was one of sixteen girls to scatter flowers on the open grave at a memorial service of George Washington.

Lady: "You will have to wear caps" Servant: "Caps! I wear no one's livery! If you're so afraid we'll be took for each other, I advise you to engage some plainer person!"

Gloves are not worn to dinner parties, the theatre, concerts and receptions, nor are they kept on during a call; but it is proper to wear them at balls, on the street and traveling.

Little girl, to lady caller: "Sister's awful sorry, but she can't see you to-day." Lady, compassionately: "I am very sorry, Lucy. I hope she is not ill?" L. G.: "Oh, no; she's getting engaged!"

The gum-chewing mania is still increasing rapidly among the youthful belles of the "upper ten," the proper and correct gift for a young lady being now a box of gum, decorated in dainty fashion and tied with pretty ribbon.

Physical training for girls is played out. A girl discovered that after a month's work in a gymnasium she required gloves one size larger than before she began, and she "dropped" training more rapidly than she could "drop" her hat.

Bella, reading from fashion paper: "Gloves will not be worn at the watering-places this summer." Ethel, who has a handsome engagement ring: "Oh, isn't that just delightful!" Bella, who hasn't: "And I think it's horrid."

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, having been forbidden to take horseback exercise for some months, now amuses herself with a tricycle. It is whispered that her Majesty also practices, when in the seclusion of her grounds, upon a bicycle.

Green grocer, to young housekeeper: "How would you like some nice egg plant ma'am, or oyster plant?" Young housekeeper: "No; my husband was saying only this morning that he is tired of eggs, and it's too late in the season for oysters."

Lawn balloon is a novelty in games, and meant as cricket for ladies. Light balls and equally light bats are used instead of the hard balls and heavy bats employed in cricket. No bowling is required, while stooping is also rendered unnecessary.

"Do you not think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?" "Possibly," the girl replied, "if you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figuring."

Ruskin's advice to a schoolgirl is not so well known as it ought to be. He bids her keep absolute calm of temper in all circumstances, though her schoolfellows may be trying and the governess may misunderstand her, remembering that her mind is crystallizing and ought not to be flawed.

Let not any young woman encourage the idea that love will prove all in all to ensure happiness in married life. It is but one of the adjuncts. And she will act wisely who, before bestowing her hand "for better for worse," looks to secure additional reasonable guarantees for connubial bliss.

Young woman, to dealer: "I want to buy a cane for a young gentleman, but I hardly know what kind of a head to select." Dealer: "Yes, miss. What size hat does he wear?" Y. W.: "Charley—er—the young gentleman wears a number five, I think." Dealer: "Then you had better select one without any varnish on it."

First lady: "Oh, have you heard that Mrs. Gossip has moved from the city?" Second lady: "No, indeed!" "Well, she has. Gone to Chicago, I believe, and you don't know how much I miss her." "Why, I am surprised at this expression of regret. I thought she was your greatest enemy, and was always circulating false reports about you." "And so she was, but do you know that some way I don't enjoy life half so well without her?"

Masculinities.

A Georgia man has celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife.

The man who is going to the dogs generally gets there before he finds it out.

Take care of your wife and bairns; your mother-in-law will take care of herself.

Ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado, uses in his private office a bar of gold, valued at $12,000, as a paper-weight.

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough.

Carlyle once said that one advantage of having a machine instead of a human being for a servant was that the machine could not talk back.

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he has to practice economy he often tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"When I look at the congregation," said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offertory in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

A new scarf is made in the form of a mutton chop. Laid across the stripes of a red cross-barred gridiron shirt it has an appetising appearance beyond description.

Elias J. Hall, the town clerk of Foxcroft, Me., is now serving his fortieth term. And at each of the forty elections he has had a walk-over, no one running against him.

Youth is not rich in time: it may be, poor; part with it, as with money, sparing; pay no moment but in purchase of its worth; and what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.

A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. But it certainly does not speak very highly for the intellect of the man who does the kissing.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do. I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, who was American minister to Brazil under Hayes, claims that it was he who fixed the date for the emancipation of the slaves in that country in November of 1888.

A delicate proof.—Adorable Heiress (worth $20,000,000)—"Sister, I think Mr. Smith loves me." Sister—"Why?" Adorable Heiress—"We were introduced last week and he has not yet proposed."

John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, has a dinner service worth $100,000. The silver was furnished from his own mines, and upon the completion of the set he bought the dies outright in order that the set might never be duplicated.

He: "At last, my dear Amelia, the happy moment has arrived when I can tell you how I love you." She: "For goodness' sake, Mr. Tompkins, don't tell me here!" He: "Why? There are no witnesses." She: "That's just it."

Wife: "I hear that young Mr. Sissy and Miss Gushington are to be married." Husband: "Is that so?" Wife: "Yes; but the union will never be a happy one." Husband: "Why not?" Wife: "Because he parts his hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."

"How is it, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "that while you and your sister Ellen are so much alike in most respects, you are married and she prefers to remain single? Surely, she has had offers enough." "Yes, love, but Ellen was always more difficult to please than I."

Brown: "I see that Mrs. Scrymage adheres to the English fashion at her receptions and doesn't introduce people to one another." Jones: "I should say not with the crowd she has there. Why, if any one of those people suspected who the others were he'd never go near the house again."

The Duke of Wellington was a bad courtier. When King George IV., after describing, as he sometimes allowed himself to do, how he led the British cavalry at Waterloo, appealed to him as a witness, with a "Didn't I, Arthur?" the great general bowed politely and answered, "I have often heard your Majesty say so."

"So you manage to put up with your tartar of a wife?" "Oh, yes! We have lots of fun together." "How is that?" "Well, you see, when my wife gets into a passion, she is in the habit of throwing at me anything that comes in her way. Every time she hits me she is pleased, and every time she misses I am pleased; and thus we are never short of amusement."

Scene—at a masked ball. Senor del Torro (Prindle) the bull-fighter: "You have insulted my wife, sir, and I demand an apology." Sir Walter Raleigh (McGuffin): "How?" Del Torro: "During the last dance, before the unmasking, she ventured a pleasant little remark, and you told her to shut up." Raleigh: "Merciful powers! Was that your wife? 'Pon my word, dear boy, I thought it was mine!"

A young tenor singer obtained a hearing before the manager of a country theatre. He sang, but the manager stopped him at the end of three or four notes, and said—"Very well, leave me your address, and I will think of you if it should happen." "What do you mean by 'if it should happen?'" interrupted the young tenor. "Why, if my theatre should burn—" "Well, what then?" "I should then engage you to cry 'Fire!'"

"I—I find myself somewhat embarrassed," he said, as he called at police headquarters. "What is it?" asked the Sergeant. "I want to report the loss of a package of letters and offer a reward to the finder." "Are they from your girl?" "Yes, sir. While they are really worth a million dollars to me, I can't promise the finder over 25 cents." "That's a wide margin," reflected the Sergeant, as he made a note of it, "but we'll do the best we can. They may be found by a cheap man, you know."

Recent Book Issues.

There have just been issued most thorough, exact and very valuable new "Guide Road, Driving, and Bicycle Maps" of Philadelphia and surrounding country, from the latest official surveys and records. Published by E. P. Noll & Co., [illegible] Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The first June volume of "Ticknor's Paper series," in its dainty beauty eminently fitting for the month of roses, is that sweet love story, "Sons and Daughters," by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." It is a good healthy story which searches out the byways of the heart and is strongly and fearlessly told. Price 50 cents.

Dr. Linderfelt's "English-Volapuk Grammar"—the new universal language—has proved so very successful in this country that he now announces a "Volapuk-English Dictionary," containing all the words of the new language as given by its inventor and used by the various nations of Europe. It promises to be very simple and full in its definitions, giving—what no other does—the original word of the language from which each Volapuk word is derived. This is the first Dictionary yet printed in Volapuk-English, and consequently its announcement has excited great interest in the world of literature and education. It will be issued in neatly printed form and will contain some 300 pages. Price according to binding, $2.00 or $2.75. C. N. Caspar, publisher, Milwaukee, Mich.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Like all its predecessors, the June number of Bailey, Banks & Biddle's *Connoisseur* is a very gem of art and literature. Its pictures and matter are alike excellent. Published quarterly.

Wide Awake for June presents an enticing appearance as one glances through its wealth of reading for young people and scans the profusion of beautiful and spirited illustrations. The frontispiece, "Polo," has the appearance of a miniature representation of a company of ancient knights armed cap-a-pie in the midst of a tourney. The number opens with an amusing story of home boy-life, by Margaret Sydney, called "Eurania's Boys and How They Kept House," which neither mothers nor boys will think far out from the truth, though both may wince; and this is an earnest of the many rich treats that follow even to the last page of the number. D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

The English Illustrated Magazine for June is a number of remarkable interest. The frontispiece is a very beautiful picture of "Solitude." The opening paper is the fourth in the series of "Glimpses of Old English Homes," the subject being "Eridge Castle," belonging to the Marquis of Abergavenny. A paper of curious interest is contributed by C. F. Gordon Cummings, about "Pagodas, Aureoles and Umbrellas," with nineteen illustrations. The W. Outram Tristram paper this month about "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," treats of "The York Road," profusely illustrated. The rest of the matter is of like excellent character.

A STRANGE USE.—An English chemist advances a plan for disposition of the dead bodies of human beings. He advocates the economic distribution of the remains, so that they may return to the elements as soon as possible, if for no other purpose than to furnish a fertilizer. He would pulverise the body with the aid of machinery. He says:

"The machines might be contrived so as to break the bones first in pieces the size of a hen egg, next into fragments of the size of a marble, and the mangled and lacerated mass could next be reduced, by means of chopping machines and steam power, to mincemeat. At this stage we have a homogeneous mixture of the entire body structures in the form of a pulpous mass of raw meat and bones."

This mass should now be dried thoroughly by means of steam heat at a temperature of 250°, or a pressure of thirty pounds to the inch; because, firstly, we wish to reduce the material to a condition convenient for handling, and, secondly, we wish to disinfect it, as no infectious or contagious disease can retain its vitality at this temperature. Once in this condition, it would command a good price for the purpose of manure.

Another method is by boiling in close vessels. The oil which would rise to the top may be drawn off to be converted into soap or a lubricant. The residue may by various simple processes be converted into fertilizing material.

His final and most brilliant suggestion is the "distillation method." The bodies are to be placed in gas retorts, and in about six hours will be converted into illuminating gas, water, ammonia, tar, and animal charcoal. By subsequent distillations, such substances as sulphate of ammonia, aniline colors and carbolic acid may be obtained. It is this process which finds most favor with the writer.

"What shall we name baby, sister?" a mother asked of her little 4-year-old daughter. "Call her Early; that's a pretty name." "Early! that is not a little girl's name." "Oh, yes, it is. Don't you remember you read to me about a little girl who was to be the May Queen, and who wanted her mother to call her early."

COMPLEXION Powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

Pasha.

BY H. E. GRAY.

MY hero's first home was in a Brazilian forest.

His second home was a far different one, though it was as beautiful in its way.

It was an old, red-brick house. On the sunny side of this house was a garden—such a garden—enclosed by high red-brick walls, as mellow and rich in coloring as the plums and apricots which use to hang on them.

This garden seemed fragrant at all seasons, as if the sweets of many past summers yet lingered there.

In the centre of the garden was a grass plot where stood an ancient sun-dial. A hugh mulberry tree had in its imprudence, spread so far and wide that it had thrown the old timekeeper forever into the shade.

Near the dial was a square pond, flanked with a flight of slippery green steps.

Its waters used to be filled with goldfish, which would crowd around scattered bread-crumbs as eagerly as chickens in the yard, when you call "Cluck, cluck."

Indoors, the house was almost as beautiful as the garden. The rooms were dark it is true, for the oak furniture was black with old age and with much rubbing; but the sunlight or firelight caught here and there, on brass, or silver or china, making glea ms of radiance in the gloom. But, always, the brightest, coolest room in that house was Patty's parlor.

Up the broad staircase you went, reaching the corridor, where hung the portraits of Lady Patty's ancestors.

Straight in front of you was a curtained door, and if you had slipped inside the room into which that door opened, you would have been almost sure to find Lady Patty herself in her parlor.

And what was her ladyship like?

Tall, stately, dressed in velvet train, with a bunch of housewife keys at her girdle. The keys of mysterous cabinets which hid all manner of family secrets?

Ah, no! Our Lady Patty was far different! She was but a tiny, fragile girl, with a wee, pale face and pair of soft grey eyes. Sad eyes, withal, and no wonder, for Lady Patty could not glide about in trailing, silken gown.

When she walked—which was seldom enough—you might have heard stump, stump, on the polished floor; or bump, bump on the carpet. When she did walk, it was but at best a hobble; for Lady Patty was a cripple. As the days went by she used her crutches less and less and seemed content to sit in the deep bow-window of her parlor.

This window looked across the park, where she could see the deer flitting amongst the trees; she could watch the birds in the old elms—rooks, and starlings, and crowds of fussy sparrows. Then from a smaller window facing south, Patty could look down into the garden, where blackbirds, and robins, and finches were busy among the fruit trees. But our Patty was like a caged bird all the while; she could never run along the mossy paths, or dive for warm strawberries, hiding under their green leaves.

She would never make the old garden resound with childish laughter, as the children who had played there in the days gone by had done.

But the birds in their cages are sometimes happy enough, and so was Lady Patty.

She was surrounded with dolls, and toys and books, and best of all, with many kind friends. But what she longed for most of all was a living, laughing playmate, for Patty had no brother nor sister; and there were others, besides the little girl, who longed for this too.

And now I am about to introduce you to the hero of my story.

There came a day when Uncle Stephen, who was a sailor, and had just returned from one of his voyages, brought his little lame niece a playfellow, a live playfellow.

It was Pasha the parrot such a jolly playfellow was he, all decked out in red, and blue, and crimson; and so full of his tricks and whims!

What a change the bird brought into the life of Patty! How she learned to tease and to coax him! How she would laugh when Pasha squeaked out—

"Hurry up me boys," or "Wo-ho, steady all," or "Give us a drop of port," or "I got my weather eye on you!"

The sailors on board of Uncle Stephen's ship had taught Mr. Poll all sorts of fun, and he was so clever and knowing that hardly a week passed without his picking up some new nonsense.

He made the sombre house quite lively once more with his screams. It must confess he was a noisy companion, as a rule; but if his little mistress said—

"Pasha must be quiet, poor Patty's head aches!" the wise bird would arch his neck, click his beak, take several deliberate steps along his perch and finally call out "Poor Patty." After which he would be silent for a long time, as if he knew well what his mistress wished.

Ah, happy bird! it is not given to all of us to cheer sad hearts as you cheered Lady Patty!"

But at length there came a time when Pasha missed his beloved mistress. There was no one now to tease him or to laugh at his tricks.

Day after day passed and the forlorn bird was left alone in Patty's parlor where the summer sun, hot and bright, shot in on his gilded cage.

But the world was a chilly place now to poor Polly, for the warmth of his little mistress's love was gone for ever. Lady Patty had been hushed to sleep from all her pain, and had awaked to find herself in a sunnier garden than even that one she had so often gazed at from her parlor window.

The breezes that blew on her now were balmy from the fields of Paradise. But the little girl's thoughts had often been with her whimsical playfellow, even during her painful hours; and almost the last words she said here were:

"Has anyone remembered to give Pasha his chillies to-day?"

The little coffin had been laid in the earth, strewed all around with flowers, and Lady Patty's father returned to a grand but solitary home. Then there came a day when his lordship decided to visit once more the sunny up-stairs parlor which was now so very empty.

He drew back the curtain from the door, and just as he stepped across the threshold poor perplexed Polly, who for a long time past had felt himself very neglected, put his head sagely on one side, clicked his beak, and then, in a very decided way, said, "Poor Patty!"

On hearing that harsh voice call the sweet name, his lordship started across the room. Was his first impulse to ring the bird's neck? If it was he did not yield to it; he rang the Bell violently and stood before the mantel, with his back to the cage.

"Poor Patty!" shrieked the bird persistently, and then, after a little pause, "I've got my weather eye on you!"

Before many moments the servant appeared.

"Take that screeching brute away directly," said his lordship, pointing towards Pasha. "Take him down to the lodge. Tell Jenkins to see it fed and looked after."

The man departed with the gilded cage in his arms.

Ah! Patty, did you know, dear, that your old playmate was in disgrace? So Pasha took up his abode at the park gates, and as Jenkins was deaf and his mother, the only other inmate of the lodge, was cross, who was there that cared to make a friend of poor Polly?

But there was one who, for the love she bore Patty, took pity on Pasha before long, and carried him away to her own house, and loved and cared for the bird, for the same child's sake. But in time she, too, would laugh at his funny ways and his consequential airs.

The Pasha's mistress, who has grown an elderly lady too, has lately gone to live in Patty's old home; and so by a strange coincidence, the parrot was taken back there; for though he was on his last legs, his mistress was still very fond of the old bird. She had never forgotten Patty, though she believed he had done so long ago.

Lady Patty's parlor looked less changed than any other part of the house on the day when this lady arrived there. It was a gusty October afternoon, but the sun was making its way, by fits and starts, through the branches of the remaining elm trees, and there were plenty of birds to fuss about amongst the half-withered leaves.

"I'll take my tea up here," said the new mistress to a servant; "and bring the parrot up; he will be company to me," she added.

Her thoughts were very much with Patty this afternoon; she almost fancied she could see the little girl's pale face, and hear her and the parrot chattering with each other.

Presently the maid returned, carrying the gaudy, gilded cage, with the ancient bird inside it. She placed it on the wide window seat, and proceeded to prepare the tea.

"Ah! Pasha, old boy," said his mistress, opening the cage door, "you little think where you are! Patty's parlor has no sad memories for you!"

But the old bird apparently was deep in meditations of his own. He never noticed the open door or attempted to make a slow tour of the room, as he usually did when permission was given. What he did do was to turn round and round excitedly on his perch and to click sharply. Then suddenly he screeched out'

"Poor Patty! poor Patty!"

The next minute Pasha dropped from his perch to the floor of his cage, and the old lady, starting forward, picked up—a dead bird.

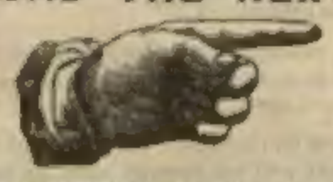
So now there is only one heart left who treasures the memory of Lady Patty.

* * * * * *

From the top of an oak cabinet in Lady Patty's parlor the Pasha still surveys the room, though with a stony stare. His end was honorable, for he was stuffed by a city ornithologist and arranged in a glass case, with a wax chilli in his beak. Thus life is as whimsical as Pasha the parrot!

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

READ THE NEXT ☞



COLUMN ARTICLE. ☜

THE root of a dutiful life is the heart's readiness to pay all debts, to discharge all obligations. This is something entirely apart from correct views of duty. It may exist with or without a keen appreciation of relations and their consequent obligations. But, unless it is there, no perception, however acute, no mental outlook, however broad, no conclusions, however well founded, will suffice to make a virtuous character.

IN THE CARPET MILL.

IF brussels carpet is to be made the yarn goes to the dye-room; but if it is to be made into tapestry, then it goes to the printer.

When dyed, of course, each yarn is of one color throughout. When printed every yarn is of one color for a certain length, perhaps half an inch, then another for perhaps a quarter of an inch and so on. The dyehouse is a picturesque place.

It is filled with clouds of steam that roll from the caldrons, over which half naked men are stooping, lifting stout rods covered with hanks of yarn in and out of the boiling dye.

When the workman thinks the yarn has acquired the right color he submits a skein of it to the chief dyer. If he passes it the batch of yarn is steamed in order to "set" the dye, and is then washed in another hot room, and then the yarn is at last ready for the loom.

A brussels carpet usually contains five colors. This is accomplished by filling five "frames" with spools of yarn, each frame being filled with yarn of one color. The threads are carried from each spool through the "heddle" to the loom.

Above, the "jacquard," a part of the machine of intricate construction, determines just which threads are raised at a particular moment so as to appear in the pattern.

Thus brussels is woven, the pattern growing like magic as the shuttle flies back and forth, every part of the complicated machinery of the loom moving at its appointed time and place as if inspired with intelligence.

The printing press is even more wonderful. Imagine a huge drum on which the yarn is wound. Beneath it runs a carriage carrying a kind of brush loaded with color. The color is changed as required by a boy. The operator turns the drum to a certain point, and at a signal the carriage rolls across under the drum, painting a narrow strip of color.

The drum moves a notch and the color brush flies back again, doubling the width of the strip.

The operator follows the pattern before him, and must follow it neatly. If he makes the strip of color too wide, and if the color be dark, so that another cannot be printed over it, the whole drum of yarn is spoiled and the blunderer is fined $1.

When the yarn has all been printed it is steamed, washed and dried, and then reeled.

Now, it must be "set" according to the pattern. This is a process requiring much patience and exactness, and the nimble fingers of girls are employed to do it.

When a pattern is "set," it is rolled on a cylinder and then each thread must be fixed into its proper place in the loom.

Then the weaving begins and the carpet commences to grow, every dot of color coming exactly where it should bring out the pattern clearly and distinctly.

The most wonderful thing about the loom is the "wire" movement. The machinery pulls out from a woven carpet a wire, armed with a blade at its end. This blade cuts the wool, and thus makes the "pile."

Then the wire is pushed back and again thrust into the warp, the whole movement being accomplished with lightning like rapidity.

The carpet must then be carefully scrutinized by women, who sew up any broken threads; its surface must be sheared and brushed by machinery, so as to make it perfectly even and bright, and then it is ready for the market.

SPORT UNEXPECTED.—Some foreigners rented this year a well-known shooting-box in England. One day, whilst beating the coverts, the line was working too much on one side, so the keeper shouted out, "Bear to the left!" At once one of the sportsmen threw down his gun and climbed the nearest tree. The explanation was not far to seek. All the morning he had heard, "Rabbit to the left!" or "Hare to the right!" and, in ignorance of our complicated language, was naturally scared by suddenly hearing, "Bear to the left."

Do not give to thy friends the most agreeable counsels, but the most advantageous.

OH, YOU HAVEN'T any kidney disease, eh? But you are from time to time troubled with *BACKACHE, BLADDER TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHES, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, NUMBNESS, DIZZINESS, MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER, AGUE, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA, IMPOTENCY, SWOLLEN ANKLES AND JOINTS,* and your wife has *FEMALE TROUBLES.* Don't you know that these diseases would almost never prevail if your kidneys were natually active and kept the blood clean?

"Warner's Safe Cure"

is the only scientific blood purifier, and that is the reason why it not only cures known kidney disease, but also 98 per cent. of all other diseases which come from *Unsuspected* Kidney disorder. Try it today. Delays are very dangerous.

Humorous.

THE LAUNDRESS.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue,
And thus I wring my life away.

An occupation strange is mine—
At least, it seems to people droll
That while I'm working at the line,
I'm going, too, from pole to pole.

Where'er I go, I strive to please;
From morn to night I rub and rub;
I'm something like Diogenes—
I almost live within a tub.

To acrobats, who vault and spring
In circuses, I take a shine;
They make their living in the ring,
And by the wringer I make mine.

My calling's humble, I'll agree;
But I am no cheap calico,
As some folks are who sneer at me;
I'm something that will wash, you know.

I smile in calm, I strive in storm,
With life's difficulties I cope;
My duties cheerfully perform;
My motto, "While there's life, there's soap."

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue;
And thus I wring my life away.

—U. N. Nokes.

Patrons of husbandry—Women.

The real arrest ocracy—Policemen.

Right month for pedestrians—March.

A dark secret. Where the matches are kept.

When one must be mealy-mouthed—At meals, to be sure!

The cabman is a ladies' man. He is always after the fare.

The wages of sin is death, but some people do not get their wages till long after they are due.

Why are pawnbrokers like pioneers of progress?—Because they are always ready to make an advance.

When people rise in the world everybody talks about them. It's the same way with thermometers.

The worst thing about persons that don't know anything is that they don't know that they don't know anything.

If your hat blows off in the street, follow it placidly, and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.

The young man on the look out for a "soft place," through a dislike for honest hard work, can find one under his hat.

A popular author was recently asked for a list of the best hundred books. With calm courtesy he replied that he had not yet written quite a hundred.

Customer: "Hang it all, man, what are you about? Leave go of my nose!" Barber, somewhat under the influence of whisky: "Lave go! Be Jabers, an' if I did now I should fall down!"

"Why is it that the groom always seems frightened at a wedding?" remarked a young woman. "Humph! He's got a right to be!" was the rejoinder of an old married man within hearing.

Lightning-rod agent: "It's dangerous to be under this tree in a thunder-storm. One of us might be killed." Victim: "Well, if you are killed you won't be able to talk any more, and if I am killed I can't hear you. So I guess we'd better stay."

Doctor: "Did you say to your husband, Mrs. de Smithe, that, if agreeable, I would send him my bill for services rendered during his recent severe illness?" Mrs. de Smithe: "Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger."

Doubting young man: "What proof have we, sir, that matches are made in heaven?" Clergyman: "The best possible—one was thrown from there." "Hey!—er—you don't mean it, now do you?" "Assuredly. Lucifer, you know, struck and was fired."

"Now, in my official capacity," began the president of a social club. "I rise for information," interrupted a member. "Proceed," said the president. "The club would like to know just how much that capacity is—say in quarts." The inquiry was ruled out of order.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

"Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at what time in the day was I born?" "At 2 o'clock in the morning." "And at what time was I born?" asked Jack. "Not until 3 o'clock." "Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday is longer than yours!" "Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

Young widow: "Do you know, Mr. Grayquill, I am to be married next August to Algernon Blackleg?" Mr. Grayquill, an old friend of the family: "I am sure, my dear, that you have not chosen as you might have. Had your poor husband been alive he would never have let you make such a match."

New York hotel clerk to Missouri colonel: "What was that noise in your room?" "Oh, I had to break the neck off a bottle I found there, as I couldn't draw the cork." "Why, the only bottle there was a hand-grenade for extinguishing fire!" "Is that so? I thought the liquor was very mild—I didn't taste bad, though."

FOUL AIR IN WELLS.

We are constantly reading of lives lost through men incautiously descending wells, pits, and underground passages without previously taking the trouble to ascertain whether the air in them be fit to support life or not.

Any air that will not support combustion is unfit for respiration; no animal or human being can live in it.

It is this kind of air, or more strictly gas, which, escaping through the cracks and crannies in the sides of disused wells, or proceeding from the decay of organic matter, accumulates at their bottom a ponderous, suffocating mass, known as carbonic acid gas, and called by miners choke-damp.

The practice of letting down a naked lighted candle to test the purity or otherwise of the air below is pregnant with danger, since the gas may be of an inflammable nature.

The candle should in all cases be securely caged in fine wire-gauze, on the principle of the Davy safety lamp. If it continue to burn, the air is wholesome; if it be extinguished, it is not.

The various means of clearing out the impure air are very simple. One plan—though we do not recommend it—is to let down an iron pot containing a few ounces of gunpowder, and then to toss a shovelful of live coals after it, some of which are sure to fall into the pot, and the consequent explosion will effectually dispel the noxious vapors.

Another and a better method, common among professional well-sinkers, is to lower buckets containing fresh-slaked lime before they attempt to descend, because, if carbonic acid be present, the lime will absorb it, to form carbonate of lime. The drawback to this is, that the combination of bodies always takes place in certain fixed and definite proportions, so that a certain quantity of lime will absorb only a certain quantity of gas, and we cannot tell when all the carbonic acid has been absorbed.

A more satisfactory way is to pump it out, for, being more than half as heavy again as the atmosphere, it will, though invisible, flow through it like water.

Its presence can, however, be detected by its pungent odor. But the best plan is to drive it out by pure air. Procure a pair of smith's bellows and a leathern tube, such as the hose of a fire-engine; fix one end of the tube closely to the nose of the bellows, and throw the other into the well, so as to reach within a foot of the bottom.

Half an hour's blowing will cleanse the foulest pit; and where, before, a lighted candle would have been extinguished at a short distance from the top, it will now burn brightly at the bottom of the well.

But we must bear in mind that, should the flame become at all dim, it will be unsafe to descend, for experience has shown that combustion may continue for some time in an atmosphere dangerously charged with carbonic acid, and that air containing only one-twelfth of its volume of this deadly gas causes suffocation.

The following incident recently occurred at a New York uptown hotel: A young man on whom the newly conferred title of husband shone in face and manner was bargaining for a room. "I expect prices to be none too low," he said. "Pa was here forty years ago and put up at the United States Hotel and paid $1 a day for nearly a week. He told me I would most likely find that rates haven't dropped much, so I expect to pay pretty steep, you see. But we are just married and want everything nice. Give us a first-class room—the best you've got. Be sure there's light and a fire and everything comfortable in it. Oh, yes, and a place to wash! No goin' to wash to-morrow morning at the pump for me."

A Few Words on Corsets.

A valued contemporary says truthfully: "The fashionable corset and every other device for compressing the waist or any other part of the body should at once be discarded, as they are the most fruitful sources of consumption, dyspepsia and the majority of the ills from which women suffer. Suppose the waist does expand a little, the step will be more elastic and graceful, and a general improvement in health will soon result. There are other modes of dress that cause serious injury to the delicate organs of the pelvis. The many heavy skirts and undergarments which are hung about the waist drag down the internal organs of the abdomen, causing them to press heavily upon the contents of the pelvis. Soon the slender ligaments which hold these organs in place give way and various kinds of displacements and other derangements occur.

"Dress reform corrects these abuses and educates the people in the proper modes of dress. It requires that no part of the clothing should be so confining as to prevent unrestrained movement of every organ and limb. It requires, also, that the feet and limbs shall be as warmly clothed as any other portion of the body."

The "Good Sense" corset is made to conform to the natural beauty of the figure and with regard to the most approved rules of health, and are for sale by leading retail merchants throughout the United States, Canada and England. Send for descriptive circular to Ferris Bros., manufacturers, 341 Broadway, New York.

Photos 20 lovely full length beauties sent sealed, only 10c. Bastedic, West'n Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo

SEE HERE! Why not save one *half* on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

LADY AGENTS clear $150 monthly, selling our Celebrated MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS. No experience required. Exclusive territory given. Illustrated catalogue free. $1 SAMPLE FREE to Agents.
LEWIS SCHIELE & CO.,
330 Broadway, New York.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit free. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1888.

Bargains in Cotton Goods echo through the aisles like the notes of a song.

SATEENS—Latest patterns French Sateens, 37½c.
A number of desirable 37½ cent styles of French Sateens and a lot of 31 centers are now 25 cents. From the best makers. Not all the latest styles, but the choicest colors are among them.
Peerless Sateens, 12½c.
GINGHAMS—Scotch Surah Ginghams, 25c, from 40c. Scotch Check Ginghams, 25c from 40. Scotch Zephyr Ginghams, 37½c from 50. Hair-line Checked and Striped Ginghams 32 in., 15c, worth 25c.
SEERSUCKERS—12½c Crinkles for 9½c, ¼, ⅜, ½ in. Cream, 5c.
CRAZY CREPE—Colors and patterns, 12½c.
THE WHOLE DRESS GOODS SECTION IS A-BRIM with seasonable things in which the value is just as big.
German Pin Checks and Stripes on beige ground, 37½c from 50c.
All wool Beige Plaids and Checks, 50c, from 65c.
Chevron Stripes, 50c from 75.
Handsome Creamy Challis, 20c and 25c.
Gray and Brown Beige, 25c and 37½c.
32-inch Serge, all-wool, blue, green, mahogany, 25c.
All-wool and Silk-and-wool plaids, novelty effects, Spring and summer weight, 75c and 85c from $1 25.
Many desirable Plaids that were $1, now 50c.
Mixed Camel's hair, for traveling and vacation wear, 75c from $1.
PUT A DRAG NET OVER THE COUNTRY FOR MEN'S $3 Shoes and the "Wanamaker Wearwell" will top the lot in worth. No guesswork. Seamless calf vamp, kid top, smooth solid-leather insole. Lace or Congress. Beat anywhere for $3. Say whether your foot is wide or medium.
HAMMOCKS! ANY SORT. MEXICAN GRASS, 14 ft., white or colored, $1.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

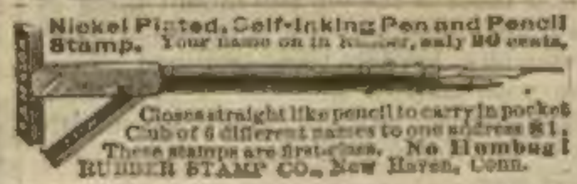
THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

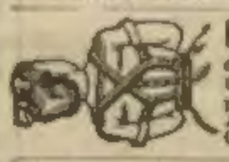
Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.*
Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*
INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.
In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*
For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT known.
For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

THE LARGE DEMAND FOR
GOOD SENSE
CORDED CORSET WAISTS
For Ladies, Misses and Children gives an opportunity to unprincipled dealers to offer
INFERIOR IMITATIONS
under various names, upon which they can make a larger profit, saying they are "about as good as the GOOD SENSE Waist."
THEY ARE NOT AS GOOD.
Be sure your Corset is stamped "Good Sense."
Sold by all Leading Retailers.
Send for Circular.
FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers, NEW YORK



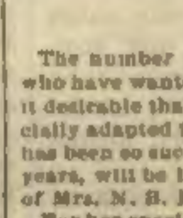
Nickel Plated, Self-Inking Pen and Pencil Stamp. Your name on in Rubber, only 50 cents.
Closes straight like pencil to carry in pocket. Cub of 6 different names to one address $1. These stamps are first-class. No Humbug! RUBBER STAMP CO., New Haven, Conn.



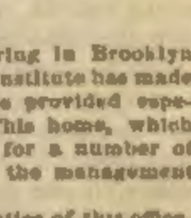
LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment at $50 to $100 per month selling Queen City Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 31 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR
Smith Mfg. Co. Palatine, Ills.

$230 *A MONTH* Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address *JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.*



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

THE RESIDENT HOME FOR PACKER INSTITUTE PUPILS.

The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. S. De Saussure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

Parents who have hesitated to send their daughters to a boarding-school can feel assured that they transfer their maternal care to one especially gifted for assuming such a responsibility.

Students graduated from the Institute and similar schools, and wishing to pursue a post graduate course, will also be received, and those wishing to give special attention to music and art. They will have excellent instruction in these branches, with opportunities for development of correct taste through the art collections, public rehearsals and concerts, that only a large city can supply.

Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
Rev. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, L.L. D., Dover Plains, N.Y.
Rev. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
Trustees of Vassar College.
Miss ABBY F. GOODELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
Prof. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
Prof. W. B. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
Prof. I. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
Prof. H. VAN INGEN, Vassar College.
Miss L. BONNEY and DILLAYE, Ogontz, Pa.
Rev. C. H. HALL, D. D., 127 Montague st., Brooklyn.
Prof. ROBT. R. RAYMOND, 123 Henry st., Brooklyn.
Mr. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hon. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
Mr. W. P. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
Mr. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
Mr. F. J. PELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"The Handy Binder" Free.

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST, if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS" now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy or the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and conveniences of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. The "BINDER" apart from its usefulness in this respect is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Many people seem to harbor the mistaken idea that it is both economical and meritorious to wear clothing that is a long way behind the fashions; they appear to think that it must be cheaper and wiser to have their dresses made in a mode of the year before last, of materials that were out date even then, and to "do up" an old-fashioned mantle at the cost of a new one, rather than to buy and wear such dresses and vetements as a fashionably dressed woman would not despise.

There could not be a more fatal error in the matter of toilette; without running after every new fashion and adopting immediately all its extravagances and eccentricities, or purchasing the new fabrics directly they appear, when they are, of course, expensive, a woman who is in touch with the fashions of the day, one might almost say of the hour, can dress better, more becomingly, and much more economically than she who persistently ignores the new modes and clings with all the energy of prejudice to her own ideas of economy in dress.

To be economical, a woman must, to a certain extent, be fashionable; she must know that she cannot afford to buy antiquated materials no longer likely to be worn by the people she meets with, nor *demode* mantles nor bonnets that are things of the past.

She will not buy plush to renovate an old dress, no matter how tempting its beauty and low price may make it, if velvet happens to be more fashionable: she will never be seen in chequers when stripes are vogue, nor could the most insinuating draper's employe persuade her that stripes were the thing if she knew that spots were superseding them.

Never to buy anything that is old-fashioned because it is cheap, never to waste money in buying anything that she does not require for the same or any other reason, and to keep herself thoroughly *au fait* in all the prospective, as well as the past and present, changes of fashion, are three points which must never be neglected by a woman who desires to combine fashion and economy in her toilette.

It is in the renovation and alteration in half-worn dresses that economy is chiefly practised, and that a clear knowledge of what is most in vogue is especially desirable. If new material has to be bought, it is better to spend a little more and have some quite new fabric than to economise a small sum, and perhaps mar the utility of the dress by making it up with an old fashioned material that demands a *demode* style.

The patterns, diagram sheets, braiding and other supplements, are all intended for the same useful purpose, that of helping our readers to practice real economy by making and remodelling their costumes at home, not at the expense of, but with good taste and genuine feeling for fashion.

It would seem as if all the elaboration and complication that used to characterize dress skirts and make them difficult to execute, were now to be transferred to bodices, where, with less space at command, various materials are introduced, and the whole corsage is so involved that unskilled dressmakers may well hesitate before undertaking to cut and make such intricate models.

In some of the more simply made bodices, the corsage is of one material only, but opens in front over two waistcoats, and these again open at the neck to make room for a chemisette.

In this case the real waist-coat, which is tight-fitting and of rich material, opens from the shoulders in a low point, and folds of silk, or of some other material, simulate a second waistcoat under the open fronts of the first; a full chemisette of surah or crepe lisse fills in the opening.

Pointed bodices are still very generally worn, in spite of the growing vogue of Empire styles. For rich materials, such as peau de soie or moire silk, and for fabrics in large patterns and wide stripes the style is better suited than short-waisted bodices The point is in the front only; the back either terminates in a pleated basque or some similar arrangement, or else it is partly covered by the draperies of the skirt, which are mounted on it, as is the case with the Lorrimer dress.

Pointed bodices are frequently made open to the point, with long revers, also open at the neck over a long ficha of white, cream, or light colored surah or gauze. A high stand-up collar completes the bodice at the back.

A fashionable style not very easy of accomplishment is a full-fronted bodice of plain material, divided from the diagonally striped sides by a band of tinsel passementerie following a diagonal line from the point to half-way up the armhole. The fronts open at the neck over a full chemisette, or a flat plastron covered with passementerie.

Another way of utilising two materials is to make one side of the corsage of plain fabric, open diagonally on the chest, and bordered with velvet or passementerie, while the other side of figured material is draped from the shoulder across the chest, and is fastened under the arm on the first side, a pointed band of velvet or passementerie marking the edge of the fronts; a finely pleated plastron fills in the opening. If the figured material has a large pattern or wide stripes, it is used for the flat side, and the plain material is draped either across the chest to the opposite side, or to the point only.

It will not do to forget, however, that Empire bodices are now and more fashionable than those with points. The style is adapted for evening dresses when the draperies begin low on the shoulders, and crossing a little above the waist form a low pointed opening filled in, if necessary with a full chemisette; as a rule, however the fronts cross sufficiently high to prevent the necessity for this. The backs cross in the same way, the whole is finished off with a wide folded sash, very often made up on a stiffed, shape lining, fitted to the figure to ensure a neat appearance, and prevent the enlargement and disfigurement of the waist by the folds slipping out of place and falling over each other.

High-necked Restauration bodices are draped from the shoulders close to the neck, and crossed on the chest over a plastron or chemisette. The broad folded band round the waist may be pointed a little in front without destroying the character of the dress, and this pointed dress is often found more becoming than the straight band that always accompanies an Empire corsage.

For dresses of lace and embroidered materials there are various styles of full bodices, with small corselets of faille and epaulets to match. In one model the corselet is of shot faille matching the foundation skirt under the lace draperies. The corselet is cut in a slightly rounded form at the top, a little lower in the centre than at the sides, and the fronts are opened over the full lace bodice: bretelles ending in points front and back are attached to pointed epaulets. All the edges of the corselet, except the basque, which may be covered, if liked, by a ribbon band, are bordered with tinsel cord.

A very simple style for lace skirts is to gather these at the top and mount them as plain deep flounces on a foundation skirt of shot silk, bordered and trimmed on one side with narrow flounces of pinked-out silk. The lace skirt if caught up a little above the flounces is not draped in any other way.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLE WORK.

[Concluded.]

The perforated cloth seems to hold its own. It certainly is very effective, especially now that so much tinsel is introduced. It has the advantage of being very easy, and not trying to the eyes, so it makes a pleasant evening occupation. I saw a very effective chair-guard in this work lately. It was a piece of dark red perforated cloth, about a yard long by ten inches wide.

This was worked in cross-stitch in a handsome pattern, composed of medallions in silks, in which shades of crimson, peacock-blue, golds shading to brown, and sage-green were beautifully blended. The whole was blended with dark red crewel, which had a thread of tinsel twisted in it. The piece of work was bordered with dark crimson plush about four inches wide, and lined entirely with silk to match. It was afterward drawn up in the middle with a sort of strap of the same plush.

The newer kind of perforated cloth which has the white lines printed, showing where the stitches are to go, will, I think retain its popularity, because it is very quickly worked, and is much more simple than the original, for all cross-stitch require so much care in counting. One other point in its favor is that it is very inexpensive.

Little satin work-bags are very pretty, and, as they are made up, they do not require any of that finishing off which is often the most tiresome and difficult part of fancy work.

Sets of mats for the toilet-table in different sizes and all sorts of odds and ends in the way of pen-wipers, pincushions, mats, etc., can be easily made. These last tiny articles are very useful for children who are just beginning to learn to work, for any scraps of floss or crewel can be used. The bright colors are attractive to their youthful eyes, and their little fingers are kept for a short time out of mischief.

Some children show a decided partiality for needlework at a very early age, which it is surely well to encourage. I remember the case of a little girl who, having been asked to spend the evening, had no sooner arrived at the friend's house, than she produced her knitting, and, seating herself in the corner, began to work diligently.

The hostess, thinking it a most unnatural proceeding for so young a child, crossed the room and spoke to her on the subject, when the little one, in reply, made matters worse, by saying, calmly.

"Oh, I brought my work because I was afraid I might feel dull."

This was an example of "Things one would rather have left unsaid." But the promise of industry has been fulfilled in this little girl's after-life, for she is now the wife of a clergyman, and is always occupied, either in the parish (where she is most popular) or in her own home, and she is, without a doubt one of the busiest women of my acquaintance.

Very nice cases are now made in the perforated cloth for illustrated papers with the name printed in bold letter and surrounded with a pretty design; when these are worked in colored silks and a ribbon added, through which the paper can be easily slipped each week, they look very bright and much more tidy than the paper in its ordinary cover lying about.

But the very latest style of perforated cloth work has the pattern stamped in holes of different shapes and sizes, after the fashion of the white Madeira work; round these holes is sewed chenille, which gives them the appearance of being sewn over, and stalks and stems of chenille and tinsel are introduced to connect the sprays of holes in the design.

I saw a very handsome piece last week worked on green in the shape of apricots, which was being made up for a mantel border, and bands to be used with green plush fireplace curtains.

A pretty and inexpensive handkerchief sachet can be quickly made as follows:—Take, as the cookery-books say, two squares of about sixteen or eighteen inches of quilted satin in pretty contrasting colors, place an extra sheet of wadding nicely scented with sachet powder between them, and sew altogether; next sew a small silk cord all round the square, giving it a pretty twist at each corner, then fold down the four corners so that they meet in the middle, and to each attach a ribbon string; when these are tied together in the centre in handsome bows the sachet is finished.

The same idea if carried out on a larger scale; is very effective for a nightdress case; but for this it is an improvement, instead of using the cord, to finish the square all round the edge with a full cascade of lace, so that when completed the bow of the ribbon seems half buried in a mass of lace.

I was recently shown a nightdress case which was said to have been copied from a French model, and which had certainly the charm of novelty. It was composed of a piece of bronze-green satin about twenty-six inches long by fourteen wide. This was folded in half like a book, and on one side was embroidered a conventional design in gold-colored silk, and on the other a large monogram also in shades of yellow. The lining was of pale blue satin made like an ordinary handkerchief sachet, with a large pocket on each side—one had a design of wild roses, the other of honeysuckle worked on it in natural colors with bronze-green leaves.

One corner of each pocket was bent down, and on the piece which turned over was worked in yellow silk the words "Pour Madame," while on the corresponding corner of the other pocket "Pour Monsieur" was embroidered. The whole was of course, finished off with a cord, in which two colors of satin was blended. I think without taking "Monsieur" into consideration, the second pocket is not a bad idea, for it would be very useful to hold a flannel jacket or the night-socks which many who suffer from the cold are obliged to wear at night.

Another novel kind of nightdress-case is made in the shape of a cracker. This is pretty in plush, or plush combined with silk or satin, for two materials are often introduced. The join can be either right in the centre or diagonally across the case, according to taste or to suit the piece of material which is to be used, lace, embroidery or trimming of some kind being put on to hide the join.

The nightdress of course goes in the middle, and a running with a ribbon draws in the case on either side of it. The ends should be lined with stiff muslin, and must be trimmed with wide lace.

Confidential Correspondents.

POSTAL.—It is against the rules of the Post Office Department for postmasters to give to any person information relating to the mail matter of another.

DONAT.—The wedding ring is given to the bride during the marriage ceremony. The groom places it upon her finger, repeating a formula which the clergyman dictates.

S. A. R.—Your question can only be answered by a veterinary surgeon. Send us a postal directed to yourself, and we will give you the address of one whom you can consult. We do not advertise business houses or firms in this column.

BOTHERED.—Ferrets are the deadly and effective enemy of rats; there is none more so, but they have to be kept under the control of those who breed and understand them, else if left to themselves they will soon run wild, and be worse on fowls and eggs than weasels.

HEATHER.—It is quite evident that he is fond of you, but you must never give way to the tendency to believe that a civility is more than a civility. Go your own way, and do not let your thoughts wander. If he wants to speak to you, he will do so; but you must preserve your dignity and show no sign of your thoughts.

DAISY.—The clothes-moth lays its eggs in the autumn. It hatches after a short period, and the grub immediately commences to feed. Frequent turning, shaking, and beating of the clothes and the use of camphor, cloves, allspice, and ground pepper are the usual methods recommended by competent people. We believe that the first, though troublesome, is by far the most efficacious.

LILY BELL.—You have been very foolish, as well as wrong, in corresponding with a gentleman of whom you know so little, and of whom, too, your parents know absolutely nothing. If you will take our advice, the wisest course will be to abandon the correspondence at once. The silence of this gentleman whom you "love so dearly" plainly shows that he does not return your affection. Try and forget all about him, unless he should come forward honorably and make known his intentions to your friends.

JACKSON.—You will find Webster's dictionary quite sufficient for ordinary purposes. The writer mentioned wanted to show off a little. "Redactor" is, we presume, intended to mean "editor"—at least it has a resemblance to the French redacteur. Corypheum was a mountain where the goddess Diana, surnamed Coryphea, was worshipped. "Demiourgon" was the name given to the first magistrates of certain cities in the Peloponnesus. It is a pity that men should air their classical knowledge in such an exasperating way.

VERITAS.—In vulgar phrase, you are married to a "beauty." Tartuffe was a kindly, open person compared with your ornament. Take a little shrewd worldly advice. You have forgiven him once, which was a right and Christian course: but he has renewed his pleasing practices. Tell him coolly and quietly that you will communicate with his superior if he offends again. Do not trust your tongue, but send a dry business letter; and keep your word if he is obstinate. If that does not bring him to his senses, we do not know what will.

R.—To detect whether brown bread is made from whole ground wheat or flour mixed with bran by means of the microscope, you must get some whole meal or a few grains of wheat and grind it yourself, thoroughly study the resulting flour, so as to be able to recognise all the different integuments of the grain, then compare with mixed bran and flour, and note which are missing. After a little practice you will be able to do what you require with ease. By-the-way, you could not have "dissolved" the bread in water, as it is not soluble to any menstruum. Sugar or salt dissolve; sand, bread-crumbs, or clay form only a paste, pap, or pulp with water.

B. B.—Your writing is a little irregular. We do not care a whit about anything but legibility as a quality of handwriting. Some men write in a delicate small hand; some use a great, bold round style; we like both, and we pardon any lack of elegance or regularity so long as we understand what a man wants to say. If any one writes a hand like the late Horace Greely's, he tortures printers and correspondents, and he ought to take a set of copybooks and try to mend his ways. In the hurry of modern correspondence there is no time to shape letters duely, but a writer should take care to ensure legibility. After that nothing else is of great importance.

GORDON.—The composition used in making the mouldings of picture frames is made in the following manner: In three pints and a half of water boil seven pounds of the best glue; melt three pounds of white resin in three pints of raw linseed oil; then mix together and boil. When the ingredients have been thoroughly boiled, put them in a vessel and simmer for half an hour, stirring the contents and taking care that it does not boil over. When this last has been done, pour the mixture on to whiting, which should have been previously rolled and sifted very fine. Mix it to the consistency of dough, and then it is ready for use. It would be extremely difficult for you to gild your own frames and burnish them, as the process is one which requires a practical knowledge before you would be able to gain any degree of proficiency, and the tools necessary for the work are both numerous and expensive.

MARGARET. — Your ignorance of the allusions in the "Dream of Fair Women" is quite excusable. "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," is Helen of Troy. She who "with sick and scornful looks averse," spoke to Helen was Iphigenia, who was bound on the altar, and saw "the stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes" waiting to see her die. The queen "with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" was Cleopatra. "The daughter of the warrior Gileadite" was Jephthah's daughter. Read the Book of Judges, and you will find out the significance of Tennyson's verse. Rosamond was the lady whom Henry II. loved. The legend has it that Queen Eleanor assassinated the unhappy beauty of Woodstock. She "who clasped in her last trance her murdered father's head" was Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas was basely murdered by Henry VIII. She who "drew forth the poison with her balmy breath" was Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. She is said to have sucked the poison from her husband's wound after he had been stabbed by one of the emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain during Edward's crusading expedition. We hope this will satisfy you.